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THE ZOUAVES AT ALEXANDRIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

I.

We were encamped at Washington for many a weary day,
Yet patiently we waited for the word to march away;
For we knew that Scott was leader—never better wielded sword
To guard our starry banner, or to smite the traitor horde—
And our hearts beat high endeavor, such as soldiers can divine,
When "on to Alexandria" was whispered down the line.

II.

Round and beautiful the silver moon rose in the azure hue,
To show to freedom's favored sons the path they must pursue;
Calmly flowed the broad Potomac in its course unto the sea,
Brightly gleamed the starry banner of the fearless and the free;
And we looked well to our weapons, leaving naught to fickle chance,
Every man prepared for action when we heard the word "advance."

III.

Like the roll of distant thunder was our quick and measured tramp,
As we marched upon the Long Bridge—left behind our pleasant camp—
Not an idle word was spoken, but each gallant Zouave there swore
He would return with laurels, or else return no more;
To fight for God and country we resolved to do our part,
And enshrine ourselves forever in our noble nation's heart.

IV.

Soon we gained our destination, and with little cause for fear,
For the foe had fled in terror when they saw our forces near:
Save a company from Fairfax, that we took into the toil,
Men who swore no northern army should invade Virginia soil;
'Twas hard to yield their weapons, ere some gallant deed was done,
For they had often boasted they could whip us five to one.

V.

They had learned that useful lesson—those who battle for the right,
Inspired by God and country, can never lose the fight;
We had won our way with honor, and, our maiden swords unstained,
Alexandria was taken, and a peaceful victory gained;
When a flag of black secession caught our brave commander's eye,
Like a blot of hellish darkness on the pure and azure sky.

VI.

Out spake our noble Ellsworth, with a soul to do and dare,
Down must come that traitor banner, for it poisons freedom's air;
Follow me, my trusty Zouaves, we will rend it from its place,
And the stars and stripes we cherish shall its proud position grace.
Soon he gained the traitor's trophy, with a martyr's high renown,
For the red right hand of murder struck our brave commander down.

VII.

Then swift as heaven's vengeance, when it hurls its lightning train,
Lay his murderer beside him, with a bullet through his brain;
All our hearts were bowed with sorrow, as we left the scene of strife,
Where the treacherous hand of murder had claimed so dear a life.
O'er the city waved our banner, but the fearful deed was done,
Noble Ellsworth was immortal—Alexandria was won.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR

THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONCLUDED.)

The senior counsel for the prisoner, in a speech of burning eloquence, occupying six hours in its delivery, brought all his legal acumen and forensic logic to bear upon the jury, in favor of his client. The evidence offered by the prosecution, he said, was but a weak string of circumstantial evidence. There was no positive proof of the prisoner's guilt offered. The high moral character of the accused was sworn to by witnesses of the highest standing. It was conclusively proved that she was incapable of a crime so heinous—so masculine in its daring and atrocity. He called upon the jury, as they were fathers as they were husbands, as they were MEN, to vindicate the cause of Justice and of Right, by granting to that wronged, that innocent girl an honorable acquittal.

His address was loudly applauded by the audience, as a fine specimen of forensic eloquence. It was with difficulty the crier maintained "silence in the court" at its conclusion.

The prosecuting attorney commenced by paying a tribute to the eloquence of his opponent; but, he declared, no amount of eloquence could argue away an established fact. The fact which they had proved, that the prisoner at the bar was seen going to the murdered man's room, and was next seen issuing from it, herself declaring that he had insulted her, but she forgave, now that he was dead. He spoke of the testimony as to the former good character of the prisoner. That he would not question—with that the jury had nothing to do; she was on trial for a capital crime, and with her character previous to the committal of that crime the court had not to deal. He reviewed the evidence against her, dwelling on the facts of her quarrel with the deceased, her threat of "a day of reckoning," the weapon being one peculiarly fitted for a female hand, and her self-accusation—for such he made it—immediately after the perpetration of the deed; and charged the jury, by their oaths, to administer strict justice, not to look at the age or sex of the accused, for the law made no difference between young and old, male and female. The law fixed the punishment for the offence; it was their duty to render a verdict according to the evidence brought before them, and that verdict he felt sure must be one of conviction.

As he poured forth his clear and logical speech Amy sat stunned and terrified. The last ray of hope was crushed out of her heart, and blank despair began to settle in it. In vain both Manders and Danny tried to cheer her. The weight was in her soul, and she could not remove it.

The judge charged the jury in a short and impartial address, winding up with the usual caution, that if a doubt existed, the benefit of it was due to the prisoner.

The jury retired to deliberate.

They were absent but half an hour, yet to Amy—to Isaac Manders—to Danny Donohoe—it seemed an age.

They returned with a verdict. The court was hushed and silent. The clerk asked the usual question, and was answered in the affirmative. The verdict was GUILTY!

A loud, wild shriek broke from Amy's lips, and she fell fainting to the floor.

GUILTY OF MURDER, and the sentence was DEATH.

CHAPTER XVI.

RALPH RAYTON MAKES "JACK."

The worthy Treasurer of the Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines is about to "step out" with the funds—The Rev. Paul Vobis—Tall Yarns—A Change of Voice—Rayton Demands the Cash—A Refusal—Desperate Struggle to the Death—The favorite Grasp on the Throat—Death of Alastor Gripp—Ralph Rayton makes another trick—"JACK."

ALASTOR GRIPP managed the affairs of the Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines so well that the funds in his charge now reached the snug sum of forty-eight thousand dollars.

It was Tuesday evening. Mr. Gripp had, during the day, drawn the money belonging to the society from the Breakanbust Bank, wherein it was deposited; he had just finished packing a small valise wherein the cash was stowed, when Bounce announced a visitor, the Rev. Paul Vobis.

Mr. Gripp was in his own house.

"Confound him!" muttered Mr. G. "Show him up," he said to Bounce, as he placed the valise in a closet.

And Bounce showed him up.

The Rev. Paul Vobis was a tall, stout man, with newly shaven face, and hair combed back behind his ears, but for which, and the unusually large white choker he displayed, he would travel far ere he would be taken for a clergyman.

Mr. Gripp heartily wished his visitor to the devil. The reason why, was, that he had withdrawn the funds of the society from the bank, and packed the valise with the intention of cutting the brethren and sailing next day for Europe, he having secured his passage in a Cunard steamer for that purpose.

He longed for a nice little estate in Europe. But there was another with the same longings. And that one was his visitor.

The Rev. Paul Vobis introduced himself as having recently arrived from Missouri, where he was considered the great gem of the church in that part.

Of course Mr. Gripp was happy in the acquaintance of such a man, and wished to know to what he might be indebted for the honor of the visit.

"Having heard much of your society, and the saintliness of deliver my great lecture on 'Jackass and my services lar,' for the benefit of the Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines, and the great object you have in view."

Alastor could scarcely repress a smile when the reverend gentleman spoke of "the great object he had in view."

"In the name of the society allow me to thank you, and accept your generous offer."

"The lecture I have spoken of I have delivered with unparalleled success throughout the western country. The style that I have adopted is the Beecher, or ultra-dramatic style. It is wonderfully popular now-a-days."

"It is."

"When I last delivered my great lecture it was to a tribe of Cherokees, and though they did not understand the English language, I had the satisfaction of, through its means, converting sixty-three of them."

"Astonishing!"

"And in the course of two weeks, twenty-two more came to grace."

"Surprising!"

And since I arrived in this city, I have had a letter from an elder, in which he states that the entire tribe have turned from the path of darkness."

"Astounding!"

"So that it has the stamp and seal of good works upon it."

"How progresses the good work in the west?" queried Gripp.

"Gloriously! gloriously! we have revivals every day and prayer-meetings every night," and the Rev. Paul Vobis proceeded to relate a list of wonderful conversions that would put the getter-up of the Fulton street funny column in the *Sun* to the blush.

"It was but five weeks ago that I happened into a large gaming house; some fifty forsaken men were engaged at a game with the biblical name of "Pharaoh." I proceeded to address them on the error of their ways, and before I had spoken ten words they all left the game to hearken to me. They were all converted, and the money which they had staked upon the table they handed to me to purchase good books for the Japanese mission."

"Ah, what a reward you must have."

"I have. It fills me with joy to see them thus drop into the line of the godly."

"The west is a grand field."

"It is."

"What a satisfaction it must be to push forward the good work there."

"It is—yea, a pleasure beyond price. One day last month a pair of those wicked men of sin known as pugilists, named respectively the Buckeye Slasher and the Hoosier Pet, met for a prize-fight. I repaired to the ground, and between the first and second rounds, I handed to each a tract. They stopped to peruse them, and in a minute afterwards they were shaking hands and vowing eternal friendship. Before I left the ground I had the inestimable enjoyment of converting the crowd."

"Wonderful!"

"But how goes on the good work here? Is your society well supported?"

"Exceedingly well."

"And your funds cannot be small?"

"No."

"What amount do they reach?"

This was pointed, but Mr. Gripp could see no reason for concealing the amount. To-morrow he would be out of the reach of the Society, so he replied:—

"Near fifty thousand dollars."

"It is a large amount, but I can tell you how to double it in less than a week."

"How?" he demanded eagerly.

"Can any one hear us. You know there are those who pry into the secrets of the faithful, and turn them to ill account."

"We cannot be heard though you shouted at the top of your voice."

"It is well," was the reply, and the drawling tone was at once changed to a quick, determined one. "I know your plan!"

The voice was Ralph Rayton's.

Gripp started at the words, and turned pale as a ghost.

"You have the money about you; to-morrow you intend sailing for Europe."

"How—how do you know it?"

"I have watched you. To-day you purchased your passage ticket. You will not need it."

"Not—need—it? Why?"

"Because I will take your place."

Rayton showed his knife.

"I am a man of business," he said, calmly, "You see this knife. You have the money; unless you hand it over to me at once, as sure as there's a hell with a ring-tailed devil in it, I'll cut your heart out."

Alastor Gripp trembled like an aspen leaf, not so much with fear, for he was a bold man, as at the prospect of losing the gold he had set his heart on.

"I'll call for assistance!" he cried.

"You forget you cannot be heard, though you shout at the top of your voice."

"I will not give the money!" he exclaimed in a tone of desperation.

"Then I will take it!"

Rayton rushed at him with the knife raised, but Gripp was too smart for him. He grasped the descending arm with such rapidity and force that the weapon sprang from it some distance.

"Murder! murder!" he shouted with all his might.

The pair clinched. It was a desperate struggle. Ralph had his favorite grasp on the other's throat. Gripp, with a fist on each side of his adversary's windpipe, held him like a vise. They struggled, and both fell to the floor. Over and over they rolled; at length they stopped. Rayton was uppermost; his neck was free from the grasp of Gripp, while he still held his clutch at the throat.

Gripp was growing weak. In an instant Ralph, with a sudden movement, placed his knee on his opponent's chest. His grasp tightened on the jugular. Tighter. Tighter still. Gripp's face grew purple, his eyes protruded from their sockets, his tongue stuck out, black and swollen, and a faint gurgle sounded from his throat. Rayton released his hold. The head of his victim dropped back on the carpeted floor.

Alastor Gripp was dead.

Rayton arose, looked for a second with a grim smile of satisfaction on his victim.

"A dead cock in the pit," he muttered, "but lest mistakes should occur, it's best to finish the work in a sure manner."

Seizing his knife from the spot where it had fallen, he, with one stroke, severed the neck from ear to ear.

"Murder! murder! Police! police!" He heard the cry uttered in the street. It was the voice of Bounce, who, coming up stairs, heard the conflict. Scoundrel! haste! haste! I must get off before it is too late."

He searched the dead man's pockets. No money was there. The door of the closet partially open caught his eye. He rushed to it and found the valise.

"Ha, 'tis here! 'tis here! mine, mine!" he cried exultingly.

Tearing it open, he upset its contents on the floor. The object of his crime was there—all in checques on the Bank of England.

He grasped it up, and placed it in an inside pocket of his vest.

"I have it! safe, safe! My object is accomplished. My third trick in 'the game of life!' I have made JACK."

CHAPTER XVII.

RALPH RAYTON LOSES THE GAME.

Ralph is Disturbed at the Very Moment He Secures His Prize—He Tries the Knife Again—Cuts His Way Through the Police—The Pursuit—Rayton Shot by an Officer—Surprise and Rejoicing of the Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines—A Quotation from the First Chapter of Jeremiah—Bryant.

RALPH RAYTON, at the moment that he secured his prize, was thunderstruck by the sound of many feet upon the stairs.

"Ha, the police? Perdition seize them! But they will not take me!" he cried, as he drew his knife once more.

The police were ascending the stairs. Opening the door, he darted out to meet them.

"Hold! villain! you are caught!" exclaimed the foremost one.

"Not yet!" was the responsive cry, as he sprang towards them. Again the knife was swinging right and left, cleaving a passage for the desperate man. Like lightning he fled down the stairs.

The police were in quick pursuit, two of them badly cut in the onslaught of Ralph.

He had not gone a hundred yards when the foremost officer was close on his heels.

Finding further flight useless, he turned and, knife in hand, waited his pursuers.

"Drop that knife! drop it, I say, or I'll fire!" was the command of the officer.

"Come on! you haven't taken me yet!" he shouted defiantly.

The officer closed upon him, the knife was raised, but ere it had time to descend, the report of a pistol rang out on the night air.

With a terrific scream, Rayton fell to the pavement.

The other police by this time arrived at the spot.

"He's got his gruel!" observed one.

"Served him right, the murderous son of a ——!" returned the one that fired the fatal shot.

"Curse ye! curse ye all!" came from Ralph's lips, as he tried to raise himself, the blood flowing freely from his left breast.

"Oh, you're stirring are you? Come, fellows, off with him to the station house. I guess I'll just take this toothpick along, it'll do to pare my toe nails," and the officer laughed at his joke, as he picked up the weapon that had been so lately aimed at his breast.

Rayton was dragged along to the station house, and from there carted to the hospital, where the doctor examined his wound and pronounced it fatal.

"Curse the luck!" muttered Ralph Rayton. "My cards are all played, and I've LOST THE GAME!"

Great was the astonishment of the "society" when they heard of the dreadful end of Alastor Gripp; but still more did their wondering eyes dilate when it was found that his intentions were to have absconded, and left them minus "the root of all evil." Prodigious was their rejoicing on learning that the money had been found on the person of the murderer, and would be restored to them.

Verily, the Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines was in luck.

In the classic language of our beloved brother, Jeremiah Bryant, "Bully for them, for them!"

CHAPTER XVIII (AND LAST).

The Day of Execution—The Cell of the Condemned—The Hour of Doom Arrives—Joyful News—Amy is Set Free, Ralph Rayton having Confessed the Murder on His Deathbed—Danny Donohoe's Prophecy Come to Pass—A Drive Home—The Widow Convalescent—The Wind-Up—The Author's Adieu to the Reader.

RALPH RAYTON, in the hospital ward, lingered on, surprising the physicians with his tenacity of life. Still he grew lower and lower. Death hovered near him, like a tiger sporting with its prey, but yet sure to fall on and finish.

Amy Sterne, in the cell of the condemned, a mere shadow of her former self, grown old to all appearance by ten years through the events of the last two months, awaited, with resignation to the will of the Great Judge, her hour of doom—the hour when, in the presence of an execrating multitude, she should die the death accorded by the law to murderers, and leave behind her a name stained with blood—branded with a crime she abhorred from her soul.

Mrs. Sterne still kept her bed, her fever was nothing better. Those around her led her to believe that Amy's trial had not yet taken place, and that there was every assurance of her triumphant and honorable acquittal. Her son, Robert, was kept in the dark as to his sister's fate, and care taken that he should not leave the house, lest he might learn out-doors what in-doors was kept from him.

It was the morning of the day of execution, the scaffold was erected, every preparation made, eager thousands were gathered about the entrance to the courtyard where the scene was to take place, on the neighboring houses hundreds anxious to "see the fun" had taken their places. Reporters, officials, politicians and their friends with tickets to witness the performance, were admitted to the yard. The execution was fixed for eleven o'clock. It was now after nine. Amy had spent the night alone with her spiritual adviser, who did all in his power to lessen the sting of death, and point the way to Light beyond the dark Shadow.

Though resigned to death, there was something in the manner of it that shook the poor girl's soul. To die was not the worst. To die upon a gallows, a felon's death, to meet the eyes, to brave the scorn, the contumely of the world, to leave to a dying mother the darkest shame, all this was enough to chill the heart of one stronger than Amy Sterne. Her only support was her conscience of innocence.

As she knelt beside the good man, the key was turned in the grated door of her cell, and she heard the voice of the prison warden call "Amy Sterne!"

The clergyman assisted her to rise, and with trembling limbs she stepped forth to meet her fate.

The sheriff, Isaac Manders, Danny Donohoe, her counsel, and some others.

"Amy Sterne," said the warden, "I hold here an order for your—discharge. YOU ARE FREE!"

"Free! Good Heaven, and so near the direst death that falls to the lot of man!"

"It is true, said Isaac Manders, rushing to support her. "This morning a man arrested for murder, died at the city hospital, from a wound inflicted by an officer whose life he sought to take. Previous to his death he made a deposition that he was guilty of various great crimes, among which was the assassination of Bill Cain, his object for which was the gaining of a large sum of money which the unfortunate man had by him."

"Can this be so? Oh, I fear, I fear it is but a dream of joy—a dream from which I shall awaken on the dreadful scaffold."

"It is no dream," said the lawyer. "Thank God, it is the truth."

"Oh, the divil a dhrame," said Danny. "It's thrue as gospil. You're as free as the Prisidint, and a divilish site more so, if the papers doesn't tell lies about him. Sure didn't I tell you that the darkest hour was always the hour before the dawn?"

Fainting from excess of joy, Amy was placed in the carriage that conveyed the bearers of the glorious news to the prison, and driven rapidly to the residence of Danny Donohoe.

The crowd were doomed to disappointment. Until dark some lingered about the place, and then retired, swearing roundly that "it was too bad to disappoint people that way.

Amy's presence was the restorative needed for Mrs. Sterne. It was not long before she was able to be about again.

Isaac Manders proved a true friend, lifting them out of the slough of poverty, and placing them in the sunshine of comfort and happiness.

Danny Donohoe continued on in his old way, singing his ancient ditties, and spinning venerable yarns for his "Irish Molly oh."

Bounce, feeling an inclination to "see the world," obtained a situation to travel, in a supernumerary capacity, with a band of minstrels, and at last accounts, was learning to "pick upon de ole banjo," and accompanying his rendering of "Dixie" with a pair of beef bones.

The Tenpercents left the United States, and are residing in Florence, where Evaline is spoken of as the "American Belle."

Messrs. Schlanchkenkompf & Miller enjoy the inestimable felicity of adjoining apartments in the State Institute at Sing Sing. The air of the place agrees with them, but the means of killing time is not much to their taste; and "Dat's what's de matter."

The Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines still continues to flourish under another title.

Sporting reader, we have done. Until we meet again, adieu.

GAMBLING IN RUSSIA.—The Russians are reported as being the best card-players in the world. By constant practice they have attained a quickness and easy superiority that completely baffles the skill of the stranger. Every ball-room has its card-party, every saloon is furnished with card-tables, and in the midst of mirth and music the votaries of the game are constantly engaged. In the very highest ranks, and among the most refined circles in the capital, gaming is followed with an earnestness that is surprising. The card-tables are covered with green baize, and the record of the game is marked upon it with chalk. When the play is finished, a settlement is made, and each one draws out a large pocket-book, filled with bank notes of most villainous look and smell, and in the presence of all that is considered to represent the concentrated excellencies and refinement of European society, they pay out and receive their money.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

EQUIMAUX.—The "Northwest Passage," which has cost so much anxiety and treasure, and to the discovery of which so many lives have been sacrificed, *has been* discovered, *i. e.*:—a water communication from the head of Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait is *ceteris paribus* known to exist. But the discovery is not of the slightest commercial utility, and beyond a few geographical and scientific points of some interest, of no possible utility whatever. On the other points mentioned in connection with the subject, we have no information.

G. C. WOODSTOCK.—*Base Ball.*—"1. Can a batsman be put out by being touched with the ball while running to the 1st base, or can he only be put out by the 1st base man holding the ball on the base before the batsman or striker reaches it? 2 Where can the best base balls be obtained, and what is the price?".....1. Yes. 2 At John C. Whitney's, 87 Fulton street. Price by the dozen, $12; single, $1 25.

H J.—1. Make application at present, as managers are now making up their forces for the fall and winter campaign. Apply in person. 2. What line of business suits one person may not suit another; they are all more or less laborious, the first named rather the hardest, however. 3 The best teacher is the stage itself. 4 There are various books of instruction on the subject, which you may obtain of S. French, 122 Nassau street.

THE UNHAPPY EXILE, Danville, Pa.—We think you are all right in the estimation of the lady. Say but little to her on the subject, and if she really has a hankering after you, she will not be long in letting you know it. Women are a curious people, and must be handled with care. If she shakes you, why wear it like a man, and seek elsewhere for that love which she *seems* to deny you.

J. P., N. Y.—1 Flora Temple's fastest mile time is 2:19¾. 2. Princess ran the first mile in a ten mile match in California, on March 3, 1859, in 2:45. She also ran a two mile heat Jan. 3, 1859, in 5:17, which would give an average of 2:38½ to the mile. It is reported, however, that she made much faster time there in private.

OARS, Lancaster, Pa.—A clincher built boat and a lap streak boat are one and the same thing. A smooth surfaced boat is technically termed "smooth work," so, we don't wonder that it was "the devil to tell t'other from which." Thanks for invitation to visit Franke's, will avail ourselves when in your region.

WM. C., Boston, Mass.—"1. Are Sumatra game fowl a pure breed, or only a strain? 2 Are they much thought of? 3 What color should they be?".....1. They are a pure breed. Yes, they are much thought of by those who know their generalities. 3. Their color should be brown red.

AMATEUR VOLUNTEER.—At present he cannot "be found in the ranks of his countrymen." Circumstances, you know, alter cases, and your friend's case is a "circumstance, over which he has no control," etc. Savy?

V. ROSSER, Chicago.—Your challenge was dated June 6th, and as the week stipulated would expire on the 13th, it would be useless to publish it. Furthermore, you neglected to send on a forfeit.

D. H, Rock Island, Ill.—All who owe allegiance to the Queen, whether in or out of her dominion, come within the meaning of the proclamation.

J. D T., Alexandria, Va.—1. That item is too *barber-ous* for publication. 2. Letters were delivered. 3. Much obliged for presents.

M. G S, Toronto.—It is not probable that a new edition of the work will be published for some time.

A. H. W., Hamilton, C. W.—The editor and proprietor of the paper you refer to is of Scotch descent.

B. D, Louisville.—Your communication should have been better authenticated than by mere initials.

B. O.—According to our record the best ten mile time ever made was fifty-one minutes and thirty-four seconds.

C. W. D., Lebanon, N. H.—We have given them up, for the present.

J. H., Jr., Baltimore.—Drop a line to Harry Jennings, 22 White st.

G. M., Fultonham.—He is in this city, and "stands at ease."

H. P. W., Lancaster, Pa.—To what bills do you refer.

TEN MILE FOOT RACE.

ADVENT OF A CELEBRATED ENGLISH RUNNER.

In another part of this issue we give a report of a foot race which took place on the Fashion Course, L. I., on the 10th inst. Considering the inducements held out, the list of entries was quite small, was merely brought forward to the up, or [illegible] the start; for he cut it on the second mile, having made a sorry affair of it in his running. The race seems to have settled down into a contest between Bennet, and White, the former an Indian, the latter a white man, known in England as White, of Gateshead. He seems to have been brought out here on the sly for the purpose of quietly taking down some of our own peds. In the race, the superiority of White was made apparent, he having defeated the Indian, and run him to a "dead beat." The time made was not fast, merely coming within the hour, with a few seconds to spare. The attendance at the race was small, owing, in a measure, to the seeming hurry in which it was gotten up, and to the lack of sufficient publicity. It was the first of a series of races, the second of which is *announced* to come off this (Monday) afternoon, 17th inst. The impression concerning these races does not seem to be very favorable, for none of our well known white pedestrians put in an appearance for the ten miles; Boston, with its many runners, not even being represented. Properly gotten up, with a fair notification, the race should have drawn together a field of at least twelve good runners. Men seem to have had the management of it who knew little or nothing about such things, and their failure to enlist public attention in it, as well as to provide a large entry, is nothing more than we expected. If these races were originated for speculative purposes, the result, we presume, will deter the speculators from embarking in any future similar enterprise. As "White of Gateshead" came among us in a very mysterious sort of way, we take it for granted that he was induced to come here for "quiet, speculative" purposes. As it is probable that this once champion runner at long distances, of England, may show again in this country, the first event not paying quite up to expectations, we append a summary of some of the principal events in which he has been engaged, so that these not posted may have some data to guide them in making up their betting books. On August 20, 1860, he won the four mile championship belt, his competitor being the celebrated Brighton. At three miles and a quarter the latter gave in. Time of 1st mile, 4:41; two miles, 9:38; three miles, 14:47; four miles, 20:10¼. Subsequently, the same two men contended for the six miles championship and £25 a side, when White again won easily. The first mile was run in 4:45; two miles, 9:45; three miles, 15:00; four miles, 20:04; five miles, 25:45; six miles, 30:57½. On September 17, 1860, in a race for the ten mile championship, Rowan failed to appear, and White went the distance at his leisure. White was beaten in a ten miles handicap, (run on September 24, 1860,) through want of condition. It was won by Barker in 55 min. 47 sec. On December 26, 1860, Barker and White contended in a ten miles race, the former having 2¼ minutes start. White resigned in the fourth mile. On February 25, 1861, Pudney entered the lists against White, for the six miles championship, when the latter was again beaten, Pudney doing the distance in 31 min. 28 sec. A reporter present at the last race, thus comments on it:—"After the first three miles had been paced over, it was patent to all that White was not the man he had been," and it was questioned whether he would ever be in the same form as when he gained his memorable victories over Brighton, and when he made so fine a second to Albison for the one mile belt. These are the principal events in which he was engaged, in England, previous to his departure for this country. *We* did not know he was here until the day of the race, so it will be seen that this "plant" was kept very quiet since his arrival. He was well treated, had a very fair show in the race on the 10th, and one of the first men to cheer him on his winning the race and money was John C. Heenan.

P. S.—We have since learned that the five mile race will not take place.

PISCATORIAL.—Philo A. Clark, Esq., late agent for Campbell's Minstrels, left Savin Rock House, West Haven, Ct., where he is now quartered, on Saturday morning, 8th inst., in company with two friends, for "Pond Point," Milford, on a fishing excursion, and the result of their piscatorial tour, we think, is worthy of record. They returned in the evening back to the Rock, with *ninety seven* black fish—to say nothing about other small *fry*,—one of which weighed *eleven and a half pounds!* Good for Philo, and our best wish is that he may always catch, the very largest fishes.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

PROBABILITY OF A SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND BY THE BENICIA BOY.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—It is not improbable that we may be called upon ere long to announce the making of another International Match for the Prize Ring Championship and Belt of England. John C. Heenan is now in this city, and it is not at all unlikely that he may take another trip to England before the summer is ended. We do not say *positively*, that he intends to go, but it is more than probable that he will undertake another trip. He has it in contemplation, and in a week or two he will make up his mind on the subject; *this much may be relied upon.* Heenan has an eye still on *the* champion belt, and his numerous friends will be glad to learn tha he thinks of trying another bout in the British Prize Ring for its possession. For ourselves, we have now confidence that, in a second trial, he will receive better treatment than he met with in his match with Tom Sayers, and we know that Heenan holds similar views, for there has been a great change of feeling since the battle at Farnborough, and several of the most influential men of London wish to have an opportunity to wipe out the stain created by that foul affair, and to give the American champion a more favorable trial. Sam Hurst is the present champion—he is larger, if anything, than Heenan, but not so light or agile; his wrestling abilities are said to be very clever, and he is very strong; but, as a delineator of the science of manual defence, he is sadly deficient. Mace, his competitor, and with whom he is to fight on the 18th, is very skilful, inferior in size and strength, and, if "hit hard," does not "like to stay." Heenan is more than a match for either of them, but the winner in the coming fight must fight all challengers or forfeit the Belt. In a few weeks we may be able to announce what conclusion the Benicia Boy has arrived at. In the meantime, the chances of his going out will create much speculation and excitement in sporting circles.

Since the above was in type, we have received a letter from London, in which it is stated that "It is rumored that Heenan will witness the fight for the championship. There are several here who want to fight him, so if he comes over he can get a match with either Hurst, Mace, or White, as they say. What do you think of it?"

[They may probably have an opportunity to try the American champion before they are quite ready for him. A week or two will probably determine Heenan in the course he should pursue. In the meantime we hope our London friends wont spoil for a fight.—ED. CLIP.]

"THE 37TH."—This auxiliary to the 69th, under Colonel John H. McCunn, City Judge, (which office he has recently resigned to take command,) is encamped on the Battery. Last Monday was a busy day with them, for every tent had to be repitched in order to make room for the battalion drill; now they have an elegant space of ground right facing the water, and running back near a quarter of a mile. We came near being in for the night, so interested had we got in their evening amusements. Company A has a fiddler, flutinist, and banjoist, and when twilight comes on they settle down for a night's fun. In Lieutenant Dougherty's tent the Colonel's private secretary was tinkling the banjo for the little drummer boy to jig it, while "Lynitz" blowed on the flute for a match dance between two Connaught boys in the "raal ould style." A square plot is set apart for the ball-room, and to see the boys waltz with their partners languishingly laying their heads down, as they do in the Apollo, is thrilling. Stub Wilson, with those tight fitting shoes, and the pale-faced Cody waltzed divinely, and Wally Ferguson, (has he got through with that pipe yet?) said the Corporal danced like a sylph, and thus kept little wooden-shoes at it for some time, as we know from experience, [illegible] smoked. A perfect scene of harmony with the officers at supper: all the delicacies of the season, and plenty of everything you could think of, graced the festive board. Lieutenant Dougherty informed us the drilling was tip-top, and as a splendid silk banner, symbolical of Ireland and America uniting, is to go with the best drilled company, there will be lively times to get it. The boys never enjoyed such health as they do now, and their nut-brown features, elastic step, and flashing eyes, denote all the points of a regular system of training.

COLONEL WILSON.—How little do the "respectables" think of the pangs and mortifications they engender in the breast of many a brave man by the slurs and pointed mannerisms in speaking of those "whom they have no mind to." See Wilson, on receiving a banner from the ladies of New York, telling them he was an outcast! (or considered so by certain classes) What feelings such a remark brings forth in the moments of reverie! But, says Billy, "I can fight all the better for that, to prove to the whole city that, outcasts though we be, we have the hearts of men, loyal men, and as long as our blood lasts we will never strike that flag to any Southern man or body of men. I love, first, my God; second, my country; and third, my aged mother and wife—the last I leave with you, knowing they can never come to want." Billy, in addressing his men on the Vanderbilt, unwittingly fell from the upper deck (some ten or twelve feet) and struck on his head. The accident didn't prove serious, for he don't intend to go off in that style before having a shy at the ever receding South-runners. Billy says the bullet isn't moulded that is to kill him! and we believe it, too.

ANDY EAGAN, the boxer, went off with Wilson's regiment.

WHO IS HE?—The London sporting papers announce that a young man recently arrived there from America, who is a pupil and *protege* of John C. Heenan—that he is about 24 years of age, and in height five feet ten inches—that he will challenge the winner in the fight between Hurst and Mace, etc. We have been puzzled as to who this young American can be. John C. Heenan called upon us on the 15th, and on our stating the case to him, he informed us that he knew of no American pugilist, or *protege* of his being in England at the present time, and that there must be some mistake in the matter. Johnny Mackey recently left here for England, but he is a different man from the one described in the London papers, being much smaller, and older; besides, we believe Mackey's mission is of a friendly nature. Our London contemporaries have evidently been led astray.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."—The "Fudgin Home Guard" had their first drill at "the Captain's," Geo. Cox's, on Saturday, the 8th ult. Col. Tom Coyle—who was all through the Mexican war—being absent, Cap. George inoculated the innocents into the Zouave drill. The two fat men, Major and Corporal Lorton, executed their manœuvres very fair, but Johnny would sit down too much. A high private was court martialed for disrespect to his superiors, and a fine imposed, which was forthwith distributed among the other members. Some of these times we'll get hold of their by-laws and rules of order, and then, if we don't tell strange things, it will be because a certain party always gets stuck at "roly-poly." Do you see it, anybody.

LIEUT. COL. JOHNNY CARLAND was elected last week Commissioner of Court of Appeals of the Fire Department. Guess Johnny can stand the lager on this, boys? At any rate, try him. All you have to do is, present the Squatter Sovereignty card at the El Dorado, and whisper "Sold!" He'll have to come down after that. He's a good man, and can keep a milk store!

FUDGE!—All the newspaper talk about Ten-Pin Johnny and Billy Mulligan. Johnny being rather lushy, got fooling round Billy, and the latter blackened his eye for him. The idea of a terrible and bloody fight is all bosh, and the two are just as good friends as ever. So don't take your shirts off about it, country friends; the dailies always make things a hundred times worse than they actually are.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT BOSTON.—We are glad to learn that the present war fever is not likely to altogether swamp our athletic sports on the "Glorious Fourth." The Boston City Regatta is to take place on that day, at noon, on the Charles River Course, and as a goodly amount of money is to be given as prizes in the various races, $680 in all, we hope that it will be well patronized by our oarsmen, and that some good sport and fast time will result. Whether our New-York authorities intend getting up a regatta or not, we are not yet informed, but unless they are expeditious, and announce it, if it is to be so, our New-York boatmen will be very likely to make engagements to visit Boston. As nothing in the whole programme of amusements usually promulgated for a Fourth of July celebration is so attractive to our citizens, we hope the Empire City will not make so gross an omission. Be this as it may, however, we take great pleasure in laying before our readers the official programme of the regatta to take place in Boston on that day, by which it will be observed that arrangements have been made to transport boats that are to compete, from New-York, free of charge. This is liberal, and in the event of no opportunity offering here, we hope it will be taken advantage of by our "fast uns." Ward would have an excellent chance to test the abilities of eastern oarsmen on this occasion, as we observe that the first race on the list is eminently adapted for him to show his powers of propulsion in. Read the programme, rules, regulations, &c :—

"There will be four races, as follows:—

First Race—Distance Two Miles—For single scull Wherries, open for shells and lapstreaks. First prize, $75; second, $30.

Second Race—Distance Two miles—For double sculls, lapstreaks and shells. First prize, $100; second $50.

Third Race—Distance Three Miles—For four-oared boats. First prize, $125; second, $50.

Fourth Race—Distance Three Miles—For six-oared boats. First prize, $175; second, $75.

Total amount of prizes, $680.

RULES AND REGULAVIONS

1. Two guns will be fired for each race; the first for boats to come into line; the second for the start.

2. All boats may carry a coxswain or not, as they may select; and each crew must be uniformly dressed.

3. Each boat must be designated by the number they draw, which number must be placed in some conspicuous place on the boats, where it can be easily seen. The number will be supplied from the Judges' boat on drawing for positions.

4. The various boats will come to the Judges' yacht at 11½ o'clock, and draw for position.

5. At 12 o'clock a gun will be fired for the wherries to come into line. A second gun will be fired for the start.

6. The other races will take place in regular order, with as little delay as possible.

7. Any boat taking another boat's water, thereby causing a collision, will be ruled out.

8. Boats will round the upper station from starboard to larboard.

9. Two or more boats rounding the upper station at the same time, the outside boat must keep off and give the inside boat sufficient room to round without hitting the stake. Any outside boat crowding the inside boat will lose its chance for the prize.

10. Boats in returning, must pass between the Judges' yacht and the Baths.

11. The ruling of the Judge must be final in all cases.

12. Entries can be made at Braman's Baths, or at the Chairman's Store, 107 Washington street, until the evening of the 1st of July. The races open to boats from all places. Entries free.

13. Prizes will be awarded in gold, or a city medal of like value, at the option of the winner, immediately after the last race.

Arrangements have been made to bring on the New York boats free of charge. For the Committee,

JOHN F. PRAY, Chairman.

JUVENILE DUELLISTS.—On Friday, May 25th, there occurred in Richmond, Va., an event worthy of record, as illustrating, in a forcible manner, the style of education Southern youths receive, in reference to the manner in which their quarrels should be settled. Two juveniles, it appears, of the respective ages of 12 and 14, the one being the youngest son of the late Frederick Anderson of Richmond and the other the son of a Mr. Dunlop of the same city, had a dispute, such as boys, in civilized localities, usually settle through the medium of the "manly art;" but these young scions of Virginian "first families," it appears, scorned such a plebeian practice, being taught from infancy that the more honorable and gentlemanly (chivalric, is the term used down there we believe) mode of settlement adopted in such cases, was, through the medium of rifled pistols, at the distance of ten paces. Now these precocious youths not being in possession of the "regular tools" required by the *code d' honneur*, thought that by riffing a couple of pistols from the private armories of their [illegible] in professional style, and sure enough, encouraged by one of the colored servants attached to the parental domicile of the oldest of them, they made preparations for mortal combat, and on the morning of the aforementioned day the "affair" came off, the result being the death of young Dunlop, the ball from Master Anderson's pistol entering Dunlop's abdomen, and inflicting a wound from which he died the following day. The ball was extracted by an eminent physician of Richmond, Dr. James Bolton, a relative of Dr. Bolton of this city, but shortly afterwards death ensued, mortification having set in. Thus ended this tragic farce and a better or more striking commentary on the evil influences created by the practice of duelling, we could not find in a year's research.

SPORTERS IN FOR THE WAR.—There is but little to chronicle in the way of sporting events this season. Many of the most active participants in sporting matters have enlisted in the defence of the Union, and are now either at the seat of war, or preparing to march thither at short notice. Cricket and Base Ball Clubs, usually so busy in the field at this period of the year, are now enlisted in a different sort of exercise, the rifle or gun taking the place of the bat, while the play ball gives place to the leaden messenger of death. Men who have heretofore made their mark in friendly strife for superiority in our various games, are now beating off the rebels who would dismember this glorious "Union of States." Prize fighters, pedestrians, oarsmen, cricketers, ball players, yachtmen, quoiters, billiard players, all are vieing with each other to show their attachment to the Constitution and the Laws of the United States, in opposition to treason and rebellion. And thus it is that we have but little to offer in the way of sports, but wait a little longer, for the good time is coming.

THE DERBY AND OAKS DAYS.—Elsewhere we give full reports of these exciting races A correspondent in London under date of June 4, says:—FRIEND FRANK.—There have been stirring times during the Derby week. More people attended the Derby this year than ever was known before. The time was the quickest on record, Kettledrum's time [the winner] was 2:44 sec. In 1857, Blink Bonny won in 2:45 sec, so Kettledrum is one second ahead of the quickest. The Oaks day was also very well attended, Brown Duchess won in 2:46 sec., also the quickest time on record.

London is full of strangers and a great many Americans arehere. The war excitement continues very strong, and a goodly number of stars and stripes are floating from the tops of the hotels, and the Union cockades worn by the Americans are very familiar.

PRIVATEER.—We have one of the blood thirsty privateers of the rebels in our waters, a prize to the U. S. brig Perry. As Jeff Davis offered a bounty for every man caught by privateers, we presume he will not quail much when he learns that his pirates have been caught without a price being set upon their heads. An example must be made of privates, traitors, and rebels, if we hope to wipe out the rebellion. What shall be done with the pirates? Are they to be released on their "parole of honor," or will they be set at liberty to prey upon our commerce again?

GOOD ON THE RUN.—We shall be forced to doubt the truth of the rebel boast that "one Southerner can whip five Northerners." The boot seems to be on the other leg, just now, as far as fighting is concerned; but when it comes to downright foot-racing, or running, they've got us, sure—their time surpasses that of the well known Jackson, the American Deer, and *he* beat all creation, you know. *Our* men cannot begin to catch the rebel runners, even at five to one. Our Southern neighbors have mistaken their calling: they have labored under the delusion that they are fighting men, when, in fact, they are only pedestrians.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—By the latest advices from England we learn that the match between Hurst and Mace, for £200, and the Champion Belt, was progressing favorably, the deposits thus far having been regularly made, and both men were doing their best to get into "good fix." By the close of the present month we should have the result of the fight, if not the full particulars.

WHAT OF THE DAY?—"Thus far have we marched on without impediment," into the very bowels of the enemy's country; thus far has Gen. Scott driven the wily foe before him; thus far the defenders of the Union have shown their superiority over the rebels on their own soil. Harper's Ferry evacuated, Manassas Junction will next receive the attention of Gen. Scott and Abe Lincoln's "Pet Lambs" and "Innocents." But will the foe make a stand at the Junction? It is somewhat doubtful. Our impression is that they intend to draw the Union forces towards Richmond, and there make their first and last stand, if they mean to make a stand at all. They seem disposed to carry on a Guerilla warfare, to pop a picket here, an officer there, and a Lamb or two wherever a good chance can be had. They have not made good their taunt of being able to whip five Northerners with one Southerner. In fact, it is doubtful if there is much fight in them, for their cowardly actions thus far give the lie direct to their boasted chivalry. By next week, the coil gathering round the rebels will have grown smaller and tighter, leaving no loop hole for the escape of the traitors.

PROPHETS AT FAULT AGAIN.—In last week's CLIPPER we gave a list of prognostications from the turf prophets of London concerning the great Derby race at Epsom. Since then we have learned the actual result of the race, the winner turning out to be a horse entirely ignored by the prophets, and never once thought of as having even a chance. Out of a score or so of prophets, not one hit the nail on the head. KETTLEDRUM, a comparatively unknown animal, carried off the prize, and won for his owner the "blue ribbon of the turf." The "favorites" were nowhere, and the "knowing ones" were sadly "taken down" by the result. The winner played a tattoo which doubtless eased the "sharps" of many a pound. Our guessing friends have been woefully out of reckoning in their prophecies of late years, and a new programme will have to be arranged if they hope to impose upon the people in future. Full particulars of the race will be found in this number of the CLIPPER.

A PLANT.—Why did not the great English pedestrian, White, of Gateshead, come out in a fair and square manner, if he wished a chance to run with our pedestrians? Is this sneaking way a proper manner of doing business? Has he gained anything by it? We hear that he was induced to come here by one of our city officials, who, we presume, expected to make an immense strike by the operation. Our Buffalo friends, who stuck by the Indians, lost a little by the ten mile race, and one or two sporters in New-York were let down, but the affair was not so profitable as it was expected to be.

AARON JONES.—We hear from pretty good authority that Aaron Jones, the pugilist, is a corporal in the Alabama State Militia, serving in the rebel army. Perhaps some of our own pugilists, who are fighting for the Union, will be able to balance accounts with Aaron should they come across him. Aaron is said to take his rations out in "Old Rye."

GONE AGAIN.—Just as it was thought a stand would be made by the rebels at Harper's Ferry, lo! and behold, the birds had flown again. They have faster runners down there than we ever gave them credit for.

WHO WAS IT BLUNDERED?—The disastrous result of the affair at Great and Little Bethel will doubtless have the effect to make the Government more careful in its selection of officers. Who committed the blunder seems to be a question for future settlement. At present, the "honors" are divided.

NO GO.—The trot between Flora Temple and Morgan, advertised to take place on the 11th inst., did not come off on that day, for divers reasons; but was postponed until the 13th. A report of the affair will be found in another column.

ANDY SHEEHAN'S REGIMENT is disbanded. L. Bieral's company has been attached to the California regiment, while Paddy Duffy's company joined Billy Wilson's.

HOW'S THAT?—We see it stated in some of the papers that Col. Travis, the great pistol shot, is teaching the Mississippi volunteers [illegible] the rifle [illegible]

CAPSIZED.—The yacht Hiawatha was capsized in Boston Bay on the 16th, and six persons were drowned.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS

AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

SHARP SHOOTING.—Preliminary measures have been taken to raise a *corps* of sharp shooters, composed of first-class rifle shots, to be attached to the U. S. Army for the present war, some particulars of which we have previously given. That such a body of men would prove of immense service, there is not a shadow of doubt, therefore we sincerely hope the enterprise will fully succeed, as, from the following from H Berdan, who is looked upon as *the* man to conduct the organization, it appears likely to do:—

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, June 8, 1861.

August Belmont, Esq; John J. Cisco, Esq.; Gardiner Howland, Esq.; Wm Harman Brown, Esq; J. W. Stratton, Esq:—

GENTLEMEN—The applications I am every day receiving from persons anxious to join a *corps*, to be formed entirely of first-class rifle shots, are so numerous that it is obvious but a slight effort is needed to secure at once a most important addition to our military machinery.

I propose to form a band of twenty-six detachments, each of five men, and forward them to Washington as soon as their proper equipment and necessary travelling expenses are provided for.

No man will be admitted who cannot, when firing "at rest" at two hundred yards, put into a target ten consecutive shots, the average distance from the centre of the target not exceeding five inches. I have secured the use of a target ground at Weehawken, where the skill of all candidates will be rigidly tested, under a competent person, and will also make provision for the trial of those who reside at a distance, before any travelling expenses are incurred.

Every one of the selected marksmen may, I consider it safe to say, be relied on to hit a man of ordinary size every time at an eighth of a mile; twice out of three times at a quarter; twice out of five at a half; and many of them would do as well as this, if not better, "off hand."

Such a *corps* need only the chance to show what it can do to insure the government taking the matter up, and adding to its number as fast as possible. They will be found to be not merely an improvement, but the addition of a new and terrible arm to the service.

Contributions have been tendered to me to meet the necessary expenses, but I prefer, for obvious reasons, not to have anything to do with the pecuniary side of the project. I think all that relates to the receipt and disbursements of moneys should be entrusted to a committee of gentlemen, whose high personal, social and business positions are such as to command at once the full confidence of the public. My present object, gentlemen, is to ask whether you are willing to serve as that committee. I would apologize for troubling you with this matter, were it not to gentlemen of your character and standing we are compelled to look for such services in these times. Most respectfully yours, H. BERDAN.

The above named gentlemen having consented to serve as a committee for the equipment of a *corps* of sharp shooters, solicit subscriptions for that object. Any sums of money sent to either of them will be duly acknowledged.

WM. HARMAN BROWN, Treasurer, 59 Wall street.

A gentleman, Chas. L. Whitman by name, writes us from Londondery, Vt., under date of June 10th, giving us some statistics of rifle shooting done by him on the 7th inst., which would make him every way eligible, we should suppose, to a place in its ranks. The distance shot was 200 yards, five consecutive shots, which resulted in a string measurement of 2½ inches; average of shot, less than 9 16 of an inch. The rifle used was made by N. & G. Whitmore, of Marsfield, Mass.; weight of barrel, 16 lbs.; slugs, 28 to the pound; telegraphic sights. Accompanying the above was a diagram, which certainly exhibits excellent marksmanship. We would advise Mr. Whitman to report himself to Mr. Berdan forthwith.

LETTER FROM HARRY LAZARUS.—Head Quarters Fire Zouaves, Fort Ellsworth, June 14th, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*:—In your CLIPPER of a recent date, I noticed a statement copied from a daily, that an encounter had taken place between me and a Mr. Cogswell, when I attacked him with my sword, and that he disarmed me and gave me a sound thrashing. Your doubts upon the subject were correct. All I have to say is that, to my knowledge, I have never met Mr. Cogswell, and certainly had no encounter with him, "or any other man," since I left New-York, and would certainly not know him (Cogswell,) if I met him in the camp. I have not had the honor of wearing a sword as yet, and of course I could not have attacked any one with one. If you will contradict the statement, you will confer a favor on me.

Our Zouaves are all in good spirits, and eager for a fight. Mike Trainor sends his best respects to you, also Dennis Horrigan. We are all three in the best of health and spirits. This work and country agree with us very much. Mike and I are both members of Co. G., Capt Tagan. Our company is considered the flower of the Regiment. We are momentarily expecting orders to march on Harper's Ferry.

Yours most respectfully, HARRY LAZARUS.

THE BIG BETHEL ENCOUNTER.—In reference to the part taken in that affair by the 1st Regiment N. Y. V., Col Allen, our correspondent, under date of July 11, from Camp Hamilton, Va. thus discourseth.—"At the battle at Big Bethel, of which, doubtless, you

have ere this had the particulars, I smelt powder for the first time. The sensation experienced on first coming within range of the enemies' cannon, is indescribable, but after a while we entered into the fun with a will. The only shell fired by them came whistling over our heads, and caused us to do quite some dodging and blinking, but further than that "nobody was hurt," which was something what surprising, as the enemy were only about five hundred yards from us. After this we marched straight across in front of their guns, numbering about twenty, and tore down the fences, when we were ordered to lay on our faces, expecting thereby to draw them out for a skirmish, but it was no go. We had no orders to fire at any time, but some of the boys couldn't refrain from having a shy at them, and so blazed away for a round or two. While we were lying on the ground, right under the enemy's guns, several of our men went to sleep, which does not denote much fear. We had three men killed, but the wounded were few. One thing is certain, we are not licked yet, and are all anxious for an opportunity to get at the rebels, when we will show them what we can do. Our officers conducted themselves like men and soldiers.

Yours, &c. G. F. I, Co. B, 1st Regt., N. Y. V.

The following item shows what courage, even unto death, was exhibited by Orderly Sergeant Goodfellow, of Col Allen's regiment, who was mortally wounded in the breast. He handed his musket to a comrade, and several flocked around him. "Oh," said he, "I guess I've got to go," and he placed his hands upon the wound. "Oh, don't mind me, boys," he continued, "go on with the fight; don't stop for me, don't stop for me!" and pressing away those who attempted to support him, he sank down upon the ground. Just at that instant his colonel passed, and looking at him, he gasped "good bye, Colonel," and died. Col. Allen turned ghastly white as he observed it. He bit his lips, too much moved to speak, and rushed on to avenge his death. Every one in the regiment loved the sergeant, and his loss is keenly felt.

BILLY WILSON'S ZOUAVES.—Among the many hard things said of Wilson's Zouaves, a story has been circulated, and firmly believed by many, that Billy, as a precautionary measure against the rifling of his pockets, is obliged to march six or eight yards in advance of his regiment!

There, Mr. Queen, what do you think of that? I do not know when I enjoyed a joke so much before. It struck me as one of the most ridiculous things I ever heard. I have great faith in Billy and his crowd. I think he is more patriotic than eloquent; more given to deeds than fine phrases; and if he gets a chance at the repudiators, there will be no Pierce story to tell.

I have read the CLIPPER since it was first launched, and never read anything in it that pleased me more than your reply to one or two of your Southern subscribers. I was pretty certain that when the fight commenced, the CLIPPER would run the stars and stripes to the masthead, and nail them there. SAIR.

ADVANCE OF TROOPS TO THE CAPITOL.—The Washington *Chronicle* gives a chronological list of the troops which have arrived in Washington, prefacing it as follows:—

"We have, without intending it, done injustice to seven companies of the Twenty fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, in excluding their arrival at Washington from the record below. On the 18th day of April, five hundred volunteers reached this city from Pennsylvania, by way of Harrisburg and Baltimore, under command of Captains McDonald, McKnight, Wren, Selheimer and Yeager. This body of 500 men was the very first to arrive in the city after the publication of the proclamation, and the regiment was organized on the first of May by the election of officers, etc. The officers elected are:—Colonel, Henry L. Cake; Lieut. Col, John B. Selheimer; Major, Hon. James H Campbell. The commands of Captains Davis, McCormick and Dart, were subsequently brought on to complete the regiment. These volunteers, besides having been the first to arrive, have been upon active duty in garrisoning Fort Washington and the Arsenal, and several of the companies are at present engaged in loading ordnance at the Arsenal, unloading it on the Virginia side, and mounting guns at Arlington and Alexandria.

Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment	Col.	Cake.
Sixth Massachusetts	do	Jones.
Fifth do	do	Lawrence.
Eighth do	do	Monroe.
Seventh New York	do	Lefferts.
Gov. Sprague's R. I.	do	Burnside.
Seventy-first	do	Martin.
Fifth Pennsylvania	do	McDowell.
Twelfth New York	do S. M.	Butterfield.
Twenty-fifth (Albany)	do	Bryan.
New York Fire Zouaves	do	Farnham.
Rhode Island Battery	do	Capt Tompkins.
Sixty-ninth New York	do	Col. Corcoran.
Company D, 2d Artillery, U S regulars		Capt Pratt.
Twenty-eighth New York Regiment	Col.	Burns.
First New Jersey	do	Johnson.
Second do	do	Baker.
Third do	do	Napton.
Fourth do	do	Miller.
Fourth Pennsylvania	do	Hartranft.
First Philadelphia Artillery	do	Patterson.
Massachusetts (Salem) Zouaves		Capt. Devereux.
Third Infantry U S A. (2 companies)		Maj. Shepard.
Gen. Sherman's Battery (92 men)		Gen. Saerman.
Four companies U S troops from Carlisle Bks.		
Fifth New York Regiment	Col.	Schwarzwaelder
First Connecticut do		Terry.
Second do do		Tyler.
First Michigan do		Wilcox.
Carbondale City Guards (Pa)	Capt	Dodd.
Lochiel Greys do		McCormick.
Doylestown Volunteers do		W. W. H. Davis.
Eighth New York Regiment	S. M.	Col. Lyons.
Fourteenth do 2 do		Wood.
Second do do		Tompkins.
First Ohio		McCook.
Second Ohio do		Wilson.
Third Connecticut do		Arnold.
First New Hampshire do		Tappan.
Eighth New York do	V. M.	Bienker.
Ninth do do		Stiles.
Garibaldi Guard, N Y do		d'Utassy.
Twelfth New York do	V. M.	Quincy.
Thirteenth do do	V. M.	Waraith.
Second Maine do		Jameson.
First do do		Jackson.
Seventy-ninth N Y do		Elliott.
Nineteenth N Y do		Clark.
Third Maine do		Howard.

DEATH OF SEELEY CORNELL.—P. McCarthy, writing us from Camp Corcoran, informs us that Seeley Cornell, brother to Milage Cornell, was shot at Alexandria. He further states, that the boys are all anxious for a brush with the enemy, when they will give them cause to remember Ellsworth. The fortifications of their position are nearly completed, and they now assert that they can defend Washington, or "any other man." We are also in receipt of the particulars, from one of the Fire Zouaves, of the attack in which Seeley Cornell, of Company G, received a mortal wound, and Joseph Cushman was dangerously shot. Cornell was wounded in the breast, and died within an hour; Cushman received a bullet in the thigh, but is now out of danger. Cornell died like a brave man, and as he lay upon the ground with the life-blood gushing from his wound, he smiled at his comrades standing around him and exclaimed, "Who would not die a soldier's death!" A few moments after he turned to Cushman, who was lying near him waiting the action of the surgeon, and shaking him by the hand said, "Good bye, old comrade, it was our luck to suffer this time!" Shortly after he expired in the arms of a member of his company. With a chivalrous disregard of death, the gallant members of the Fire Zouaves are foremost in the hour of danger, and when the hour of reckoning comes, a fearful retribution will be administered to those who are now in arms against the flag of our country.

ONE TRUE UNION MAN IN RICHMOND.—We record with pleasure the name of John H Anderson, Esq, one of the firm of Canby & Anderson, the celebrated tobacco manufacturers of that city, as one of the minority that had the manly and moral courage to record their votes on the 24 h of May last, at Richmond, against secession and in favor of the Union. The name Anderson has been made famous by the courage and patriotism of the gallant hero of Sumter; and John Anderson, of Richmond, manifested under different circumstances, to be sure, but entitled equally to all the honors—since both were impelled by the same laudable motive—love of their country.

SMART.—The ladies of Columbus, Ohio, made 1,200 shirts for the troops of that State in 48 hours.

SHREWD, VERY.—Recently a New York merchant met a Memphis merchant at Louisville, Ky., who owed him much money. The latter informed him that he would liquidate when the war was over—not before. The Memphian was buying goods there for cash. The New York merchant waited until he paid for his goods and then seized them by attachment. The matter was compromised by the Southerner paying the debt.

A TRUE REMARK.—Major Jack Downing remarked to Gen. Jackson, during the troubles in South Carolina thirty years ago, that he had always observed that persons who had a great deal to say about shedding the last drop of their blood, were amazingly particular about the first.

A KILLING JOKE, BUT "NOBODY HURT."—A Canada paper, alluding to the bloodless battle of Sumpter, profanely says, "The reason 'nobody was hurt,' at the seige of Sumter, is because it was too far South for sleighing." Did you ever!

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT A BULL FIGHT.—"On Sunday, May 5th, there was a grand bull-fight at Seville in Spain; eight fine bulls, and eighteen horses killed, and ten wounded, formed the hecatomb, not to forget a matador and a picador, who were very artistically lifted and tossed over the bull's head. Both are since probably dead. The Empress, sitting with the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier and the Duke of Oporto, threw the key of the bull's den into the arena, the assembled multitude, computed at between 12,000 to 14 000, applauding very loudly the act. A good many English officers were present to witness the horrible slaughter, but very few remained to the end. The Empress herself left when the fourth bull was killed."

THAT QUOITING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Jack Sanders still avoids stating who the party is that he wants to match against George Dunning, and therefore George has good reason for believing that it is a certain person whom he has already declared as unworthy the notice of honorable players. As George is also well known as being able to beat the suspected party, why does not Jack Sanders show his man, and not victimize innocent betting? Show him up, Jack!

MORE BIG BILLIARDS.—David James, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in playing the carom game, scored 3,598 points on the two red balls. Big thing for David.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JUNE 18.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship. London.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
24.—Newton and Hall—£15 a side, catch weight. Birmingham.
24.—Boyle and Murphy—£10 a side. Liverpool.
JULY 9.—Young Gallagher and Young Dutch Sam—£25 a side, at 8st 4lb. Home Circuit.
29.—Bill Benjamin and Dick James—£100 a side, catch weight. London.
30.—John Rooke and Job Cobley—£50 a side, at 10st. Home Circuit.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.

THE FORTHCOMING FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The 18th of June has been fixed upon for deciding the respective claims of Hurst, the 'Staleybridge Infant," and Mace, the victor in the late pugilistic contest with Brettle, of Birmingham, to the coveted honors of the championship. The principal portion of the money for which the men are about to contend has been placed in the hands of the stakeholder, the final deposit of £35, making the total amount £400, having to be produced on the 6th of June. It was rumored as we stated last week, that a countryman and pupil of Heenan had arrived in London from America, with the intention of challenging the conqueror in the approaching contest. He is represented by the English papers, and by the select few who have had an opportunity of witnessing a display of his powers, to be a perfect athlete, twenty-four years of age, five feet ten inches in height, and possessing extraordinary development of muscle and sibew, and whose "science" and pugilistic qualities have been favorably tested. Jem Mace has gone into strict training, near Yarmouth, and has taken such care of himself that he is already eager and willing for the fray. Sam Hurst, the Champion, although not able to take fast pedestrian exercises, is in the neighborhood of Nantwich, exercising his muscles as a hammerman *pro tempo*, and most decidedly losing his vast bulk.

Fight Between Jack Hartley and Tommy Newton, for Twenty Pounds a Side.

The match between these feather weights came off on Monday, May 27, but, as will be seen, did not terminate in a victory, as neither was capable of giving the *coup de grace*. Newton, who is brother-in-law to the Tylers, fought his first most important battle on the 1st of January last, when he disposed of Jack Baker with consummate ease, and from the manner in which he got on his antagonist on that occasion, making use of both mawleys most effectively, he was considered a lad of whom much better things were yet to be expected. Tommy, who has a remarkably pleasing phiz, with a keen bright eye, is aged 27, and is well-proportioned about the chest and loins although apparently somewhat delicate in constitution. In height he stands 5ft 2½in. He was in excellent condition. He is a civil, well-conducted young man, and by the East Enders he is a good deal thought of. Hartley has fought Jemmy Keefe, Mick the Grecian, and Young Lead. The last battle was for £25 a side, and was fought on the 6 h of November, 1860, in the same ring as Sam Hurst and Tom Paddock. It was interrupted by the police, who made their appearance when the combatants had been fighting 20min, and the stakes were ultimately drawn. Hartley is not more than 23, and stands 5ft 1in, being perhaps one of the most compact, sturdy-made little fellows that ever entered the Ring. Newton, however, was in all respects the bigger man. The combatants were not confined to weight, but in this, Newton had the advantage, Hartley being about 7st 10lb when he last scaled, while his opponent was at least half a stone heavier. After an early start from the metropolis the ring was formed by Fred Oliver, on well known ground. Hartley had for his seconds Bob Travers and Mickey Gannon, while Bos Tyler and George Crockett did the polite for Newton.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men placed themselves in neat artistic position, and the advantages Newton possessed over his opponent became strikingly apparent. They stood sparring and feinting in the middle of the ring for some time, and while Jack kept trying all he was capable of, Tommy kept himself ready for a cross-counter at the first opening. There was a very great deal of dodging and manœuvring round the ring, and the manner in which the belligerents feinted, recovered guard, broke ground, and again artistically got to distance, was at first pretty and interesting, and led to the supposition that as soon as they had well taken the measure of each other there would be some excellent milling. Jack at length let fly, getting home a left hander on the head; Newton countered, administering a fine straight 'un from the left on the cheek. They again broke ground and manœuvred; Hartley made a half spring at his man, when the seconds of Newton accused him of trying to spike his opponent. Jack replied, with a smile, that if he could not win fairly he would not attempt to do so by foul means. Hartley, after getting once more to distance, planted a left-hander on the body and got well away. More sparring; Hartley, with the left, home on the top of the breast; Newton, with the same mawley, delivering slightly on the cheek. Again they shifted position, and after getting all over the ring got to range, and in the counter hitting both did execution on the knowledge box, Tom on the jaw. Hartley, after delivering a little 'un on the mouth, planted the left mawley on the breast. There was a deal more of the same cautious style of fighting, but it would be useless to describe all the various movements that occurred. At length Newton, after getting well to his adversary, cross countered beautifully with the left, getting well home on the left cheek, from which there was a supply of ruby from a slight cut. As Tom shifted position Hartley followed, and in some rapid exchanges both got home on the cranium with the left, Newton administering the cayenne in mild doses on the front of the dial, Jack on the cheek. The men, in a rally, closed in Hartley's corner, when Newton slipped from his man, and went down. This round lasted 47 minutes, the only point of importance being *first blood* for Newton.

2. Both came readily from their corners, Newton first to open the ball, and in the counter-hitting both delivered in good time. Tom with the left on the cheek, Hartley with the same mawley on the chin, but Jack from the fact of having to hit up, appeared to give no effect to his blows, while Newton, when he did make up his mind to let it go, and got there, did so with considerable severity. After breaking ground and manœuvring all over the ring, Hartley let fly the left, and planted a nasty one just over Tom's right eye, who returned with a pretty shot on the jaw. Hartley, in retreating, overstepped himself, but was again soon on the defensive. Newton, when he had his opponent with the nob beat forward, just missed a stinging upper-cut. In retreating they got to Hartley's corner, when in some neat exchanges both got home on the nob. This was destined to be even a longer bout than the last, and the style in which the combatants continued to fight from its sameness was fast becoming tiring to their friends, who were desirous to witness a display of a little more spirit. The cautious manœuvring they had displayed at the opening had been a good deal admired, and certainly showed they were acquainted with a good many of the real points, but now it became tedious to see them again and again demonstrate the same thing, without its leading to anything like effectiveness. When they had been at it one hour and forty-four minutes, there was the old familiar cry of "Police," and the belligerents were ordered to suspend hostilities and leave the ring, and by this means, unpleasant though we admit them to be, the second round, which, at the time the interruption occurred, did not present the slightest prospect of being closed, was brought to a finish. The men, on leaving the ring, did not appear to be much the worse for wear, Hartley only being slightly puffed about the right jaw and peeper, and slightly swelled about the tater-trap. Newton, about the nob, did not display any marks of his opponent's handy work, although the digs he had received on the body and at the mark had not been without effect. Fresh ground was now broken. Hartley was again the first to step within the ropes, Newton immediately following his example. The seconds got their men ready with the utmost despatch, and at 16 minutes past one o'clock they were once more conducted to the scratch.

3. After a little sparring Hartley made a half spring at his man, when Bos reminded Jack that sparring was not allowed, at which Hartley smiled and shook his head, as much as to say he did not want to take such an advantage. After shifting position the lads again got within range, Hartley dashing out both mawleys at the nob, and got on, though not with anything like effect. Once more they took fresh ground, when after both being out of distance Hartley planted the left slightly on the nob, Newton, in a well administered counter, doing execution on the jaw, and in repeating the performance he delivered the right on the forehead, just above the left peeper. More dodging and manœuvring round the ring, when Hartley, in again getting to distance, received a nice left hander full on the ivories, and in getting from his man went to grass.

4. Newton after a deal of tedious sparring, short with the left. Jack broke ground. The lads paused in the centre of the ring, and after shifting position took up fresh ground. Hartley's left on the body, by no means artistically placed. More cautious sparring, and the men getting in their manœuvring all over the ring. Newton in leading planted the left on the pimple, Hartley after delivering the left on the body, followed up the exchange with a heavy shot from the right on the side of the head. Tom broke away, Jack followed, when Tom got near his corner, and went down.

5 Hartley thinking his man is "queer street," went up to force the fighting, delivering the left on the peeper, but not with anything approaching severity. Newton countered with a pretty one on the ivories. After taking new ground they got to the ropes, when they closed, Newton being thrown just over the bottom rope.

6. Hartley planted another left-hander on the body, when as Newton retreated Jack followed, and Tom, after napping a slight left-hander on the chin, shifted, and went down.

7 Newton at this period of the battle was decidedly "queer," and it was this that caused Hartley to alter his tactics and force the fighting with rapidity, these rounds being the most spirited of the whole. Hartley, in opening fire, planted the left on the right peeper, and in shifting the men got to the ropes, when, in a flee counter, in which Newton got full in the middle of the dial, Jack went down. On the instant he had recovered his pins, and wanted to renew the round, but it was no go.

8. Hartley delivered the left at the mark; as Tom broke he followed, and with the same mawley got slightly on the peeper. The lads got to Newton's corner, when, after a pretty counter, in which Tom got the right on the jaw, Hartley went to grass.

9. Newton, much recovered, in countering planted the left full on the dial, Hartley's delivery, as usual, not having anything like force. After more exchanges, they fought in a rally to the ropes, when after some sharp half-arm fibbing, Hartley went down laughing.

10. Hartley planted another left hander on the body, when Newton retreated, and, after getting near the ropes, Tom went down.

The fighting, which from the third round had been of a much brisker description than had been witnessed in the first ring, now gradually got slower and slower, for, as Newton appeared to get better, Hartley ceased to force the fighting as he had done. The men now paused, countered, then paused, exchanged, and again paused. Hartley still being most effective with his left on the body, while Newton fought at the nob. These tactics, with increasing slowness of movement on the part of the combatants, were again and again repeated, until the performance became dull and spiritless to a degree, the partisans and the seconds of the men being at last alike heartily tired of it. Although Hartley was doubtless physically the stronger man, yet Newton had a dangerous right still at his disposal, and he was but waiting for the opportunity in the counter hitting to send it home with effect on the jaw, and had once or twice nearly done so in the most effective style. This made Hartley extremely cautious to the last, while Newton, who was weak, was in no condition to force the fighting, but, on the contrary, appeared totally incapable, although his seconds repeatedly urged him to go in and do so. The men frequently, in the middle of a round, would walk to their corners and rest, twice doing so on their seconds' knees, and when ordered to scratch by the referee, did so, but immediately broke, getting all over the ring without a blow being struck. When the contest had lasted two hours and twenty minutes in the second ring, making four hours and four minutes in the whole, it became apparent that there was no chance of its being brought to a conclusion, as neither man was capable or willing to make an effort. At last, in the nineteenth round, it was proposed that they should draw, which Hartley, after being advised by Travers, consented to; and thus this tedious and wearisome tourney was ended, much to the relief and satisfaction of all.

A MERRY MILL BETWEEN

Jack Stephens and Tit Dugdale, for £5 a Side.

At an early hour on Monday, May 20, these two men met at Portsmouth to settle their little difference. They fought at catch weight, it being an off hand match. Dugdale stands about 5ft 8¼in, and weighs about 8st 10lb. Stephens is about the same weight, but standing an inch shorter. Neither have appeared before in the "magic circle," and are both ambitious for fistic fame. The ground was well chosen, and about 400 spectators were at the ring side. Dugdale was first to shy his castor in the ring, and had for his valets Jemmy Coombes, of Manchester, and Jack Carrol. He was quickly followed by Stephens, whose attendants were Curly Richards, Joe Haydon, and a gentleman enjoying the cognomen of "Wickie." Everything being in readiness, they at once commenced business. In tossing for corners Stephens won, and Richards judiciously placed him with his back to the sun. At eight minutes to eight they commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As each advanced to the centre of the ring, the superiority of Dugdale, in point of size, was at once apparent. Both sparred cautiously; Dugdale tried the left, but was short; Stephens rushed in and administered a "little 'un" on the ribs, and fell.

2 Both came eagerly to the call of time. Dugdale again tried the left, and again was short; tried again and got home on the kisser, and drew the claret. First blood for Dugdale. Stephens, who fought wildly, rushed in and nabbed one on the nut; in the end both fell.

3. Dugdale came up smiling; Stephens eager for fighting, immediately made a rush, throwing Dugdale heavily, and falling on him.

4. Dugdale evidently felt the effects of the fall in the preceding round, and seemed cautious. Stephens got home three times on the ribs, but without force; in the rally both fell, Stephens under.

5 Stephens came up with the ruby flowing from his kissing trap; tried his right, but was out of distance. Dugdale got home on the nob, closed and threw Stephens with the back heel. (The betting was now 6 to 4 on Dugdale.)

6. Both up to the call of time. Dugdale again using his left with precision, Stephens getting home on the body, then closed and slipped on one knee, and while there caught a "little un" on the cheek. Cries of "Foul," but the referee (J. Slater) cried fight on.

7 From this point the fight was all in favor of Dugdale.

Stephens becoming "groggy," when in the 18th round, while down, he was unfortunately struck by Dugdale on the cheek. On appealing to the referee, he immediately awarded the battle to Stephens. Then followed the usual scene in such cases. The ring was broken into, and a general *melee* ensued between the partizans of each man. Thus in 18 rounds, 28 minutes, Stephens was hailed the winner.

REMARKS.

Though Stephens pulled this event off, he was by no means the best man, for had the battle not come to this unlooked-for conclusion, he must have (bar accident) lost.

GROGAN AND SANDERS.—These Birmingham men met on Monday, May 2, at Rubery Hills, Worcestershire (eight miles from Birmingham), at catch weight, for £10 a side. Grogan was attended by Tom Lane and Hall, and Wareham and Edge did the needful for Sanders. Sanders was the favorite at 6 to 4. The men commenced business, Sanders with his right heavily on Grogan's jowl, and Grogan on the ear; a good rally, and both down. In the second round Sanders got a rattler on to Grogan's nasal organ, drawing first blood, and in the fourth round completely closed up one of his peepers. For three-quarters of an hour Grogan was receiver general, without being able to make any severe return. At this juncture the police put in an appearance, and a move was made to Harborne, near Birmingham, but the authorities again were present. Nothing daunted, a move was made to Smethwick; no go, the gentlemen in blue still in waiting. Another move was made across the country to the Old King's Cross, near Sutton Coldfield, where the ring was in a short time made, and at six o'clock the men again commenced, when Grogan having roused himself, and shifted his style of fighting, went to work in a style which surprised his friends, and completely changed the odds, and Sanders resorted at last to the tumble down system to avoid punishment, for which the referee cautioned him several times. The fight continued round after round, Grogan being nearly blind with both peepers, and Sanders showing the handiwork of Grogan on the ribs, left side of the nob, and breast. Grogan also threw him in several rounds very heavily towards the latter part of the fight, which shook him severely, and he showed great signs of weakness. At last it became apparent that he could do no more, and Wareham threw up the sponge in token of defeat, after fighting 1h 55 min, Grogan being declared the winner. The fight lasted altogether 2h 40min, and 131 rounds.

COLLINS AND FITZGERALD.—A fight took place, for £3 a side, on May 27, near Cardiff, between two novices, named Charley Collins and Jerry Fitzgerald. It was a most determined affair, lasting two hours and three quarters, during which 110 rounds were fought. It seems that at first Fitzgerald took a strong lead, but ultimately the strength of Collins prevailed, and he was gradually, but surely, gaining the upper hand, when, in the 110th round, a row ensued, and the referee was hustled, until he decided the men should draw. Subsequently he wished to alter the decision and compel the men to fight again. To this Collins agreed, but Fitzgerald positively declined, as the referee had already decided. The referee having once given an opinion and left the ground, it was too late afterwards to recall it.

WRESTLING.

GREAT WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN SCHORA AND CLOUGH.—Saturday, May 25th, was the day fixed for the match between William Schora, of Ashton, and Joseph Clough, (alias Robin,) of Hollingwood, at Manchester, As far back as the 28 h of January last, these two men entered into an agreement to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £50 a side, neither man to exceed 5 score 17lbs weight, all foul acts to be barred out, to wrestle in stocking feet, and neither man to be rubbed with resin, grease, or any drug. The betting fluctuated very much first odds on one, and then the other, but at the finish slight odds were offered on Schora. Within the enclosure were about 3 000 persons assembled, whilst the commodious stand was completely crammed by anxious spectators. Between twelve and one o'clock at noon the men entered the enclosure in company with their friends and trainers, Schora being attended to by his principal backers, and his old trainer, James Waterford (better known as little Watty); whilst Clough was in company with his principal backer and his trainer, Mr. Thomas Pope, a gentleman well known on the "Turf." All the usual preliminaries having been arranged, the umpires were called in; John Cross, the Champion of England at his weight, and Mr. Robert Ross, acting for Schora; whilst Robin secured the services of Daniel Heywood, of Hollingwood, and James Matley (better known as the renowned Barrel), of Ashton. On the men proceeding to scale, Schora was about 5 score 16½lbs, whilst Robin was not more than 5 score 11lbs. Both the men are in their twenty-second year, Schora having a little advantage both in reach and stature, Robin being low, but an Hercules in miniature. On the men stripping, their condition was the theme of admiration by all present, their frames displaying that glow of health which is required for this game. All being in readiness, the men shook hands, and at once placed themselves on the defensive; but, before they had been at it more than twenty minutes, Schora began to gain an advantage over his game little opponent, he being far more active, as many said, he was as "sharp as a cat," longer in the reach, and a little stronger. After tugging away at each other for twenty-seven minutes, during which time they displayed some most excellent points, Schora brought Robin to grief by placing him on his back. After resting ten minutes, during which time his friends were offering 2 and 3 to 1 on him, the men again commenced hostilities, Schora grappling firmly with his opponent; but it was soon evident that nature was telling her exhausted state, from the countenance of Robin yet he still seemed determined to do or die; but at length, after wrestling thirty minutes, he again came to his "mother earth," Schora thus winning the match in 57 minutes. The men bet their shares of the gate money; consequently Schora received the sum of £66 13s 4d, clear of all expenses.

BILLIARDS.

About sixty persons were present at the Eyre Arms, May 27, to witness the matches of pyramids and billiards between Messrs. Batchelor and Ottaway. The pyramids were played first; the first 11 games out of 21, Mr. B giving two balls off the table. Mr. O. commenced well, by winning the first six games in succession; Mr. B, 7th; Mr O, 8th; B., 9th and 10th; O, 11th; B, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15 h, taking 10 balls in a break; O, 16 h; B., 17th, and 10 balls again; O, 18th and 19th, thus winning 11 games to 8. After an interval of ten minutes, they commenced a game of 300 up at billiards, Mr. Ottaway scoring 100 to Mr. B.'s 99; second 100, Mr. O., 203; Mr. B, 174; and Mr. O scored 281 to Mr B's 201. Mr O then went away as he pleased, and won by 80 points. Afterwards Mr. Dufton offered to back Mr O again to play the same matches for £10 each, or to find two men in London who should play Batchelor for £50 or £100 a side each match.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SAM BARKER AND RICHARDS.—These well known professionals ran their half mile race for £20 at Hackney Wick, on May 27th. There was not a bet made. Richards forced the running at a good pace, but was compelled to cry "Hold—enough!" ere the third lap was completed. Barker, from that point, steered in front, was never displaced from the lead, and ultimately won the race by half a yard, Richards making a somewhat severe struggle at the finish.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 43-tf

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THE FALSTAFF.—ISEY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham st., next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 36-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Decter, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5tp

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self-defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9 4t

QUOITERS ATTENTION!—Lovers of this game will be sure to find some good play and good players, among whom is Mr. George Dunning, champion of the world, at the QUOIT SHADES, No 278 Spring street, where all the accompaniments of a good time may also be found. 4 tf

THE WOODS AND KING FIZZLE.—The above caption, strangely enough, was made use of by us in precisely the same number of our last volume as the present issue of this, but it is not applicable in precisely the same sense. Last year the "fizzle" was gotten up by the men above named and their backers, much to the chagrin of the sports who set out to witness a battle that should have taken place between them, but didn't. This time, the police of Brooklyn and our daily press, have raised the hue and cry, and in the papers of the morning of the 12 h, appeared the following paragraph:—

"The pugilists, Wood and King, whose names are familiar in connection with the Willett's Point affair a year since, made arrangements for a prize fight to take place near East New York, yesterday morning. Capt. Mullen, of the Sixth Precinct, received information of the affair at 2 o'clock, and, with a force of twenty men, started for the scene. He found the preparations for the fight had been made in a meadow, near the hotel of John I Snediker. The alarm being given, however, the parties and their friends fled, and no arrests were made. After an ineffectual pursuit, the police returned to the city."

What the object could have been in starting such a rumor, without the least foundation in fact, we are at a loss to discover; unless it might have been, that they expected that the above named pugilists had entered into a compact to get up an annual fizzle. Be this as it may, however, they are on the wrong scent this time, for King has been out of town some time, and is now, we believe, in New Orleans. As for Woods, we will let him make his own defence, by publishing the annexed card, addressed to the New-York *Express*.

"In the issue of your journal to-day, I find an article in relation to myself, in connection with an intended prize fight between myself and Mr. King. I know not whether such an announcement excited in me more of surprise than astonishment.

"The whole article is either a hoax or a falsehood. I am not now, and have not been for a long time, a candidate for the honors of the P. R. Mr. King has been for about five months, and still is, in New Orleans. In justice to myself and friends, I expect in the proper columns, a retraction of the matter.

"I called at your office, but finding no responsible party in, I deemed it proper to address you. Respectfully &c,

"New-York, June 11th. JOHN WOODS."

This card, of course, "knocks spots" out of the whole affair, as it is considered that Woods was not, and King could not have been present; and thus endeth the second "fizzle." This is only another example of what absurdities the dailies are guilty of, when treating on sporting matters. Just now, we should suppose they ought to have enough to do to get up hoaxes and exaggerations on "the big fight," North vs. South; without attempting to lead the public astray by canards like the one above.

WOODS AND PRICE.—We understand that an effort was made last week to get up a fight between John Woods and Ed Price. The proposed arrangements, however, would not connect, and the affair went off.

A MILL AT LOWELL.—We learn that an affair in the P. R., took place in the vicinity of the "City of Spindles" between Barney Sullivan and Barber Larry on the morning of the 8th inst., resulting in the defeat of the former, who is a pupil of Prof. Leaviti, in five rounds.

A SPORTING CLUB, called the "Muscular," has been organized at Toronto, C. W., and, as the title indicates, boxing is their principal sport.

LITTLE BILLY CLARKE has sold out his place in Centre street.

PEDESTRIANISM ON FASHION COURSE, L. I.

THE TEN MILE RACE.

This event, one of a series gotten up by the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association, which have been advertised in our columns for two or three weeks past, came off at the above named areas, on Monday, 10th inst. There were four competitors for the stake ($700) namely, the Indians, Smith and Bennett, of the Cattaraugus and Tonawanda tribes, well known in pedestrian circles, and two Englishmen, Mowa and White, the former a resident in this country for some time, the latter a recent arrival, and known in the old country, we believe, as Waite of Gateshead, and, it is thought, brought out here for the purpose of "catching flats" and to take down all our fast peds. If, as reported, he is the White of Gateshead, he has done some tall running on t'other side, having been engaged in several champion contests there. Young Sport was also to have entered, but rheumatism put the stopper on him. The day was a hot un, which, added to the high tariff, one dollar, prevented a large attendance. There were those there, however, with a supply of "spondulicks" to invest, and a good deal was laid out on the Indians at two to one, their appearance seemingly warranting that odds, as they are both finely built men and accustomed to exercise. The Englishmen looked well, too, but not so much as to enlist the confidence of outside speculators. It was also rumored, that White had sustained a slight sprain of his ancle, but whether it was so given out in order to influence the betting, or whether he really was lame, remains a question. The speed of the first mile, and his subsequent victory, are rather in favor of the former conclusion. At about 3¼ P. M. the men approached the scratch for the start, and after being cautioned by the judges in reference to crowding or jostling, they got the word, and off they went at a rapid pace, Bennett leading, closely followed by White. In the second mile Mowa caved in, announcing himself sick. It was soon evident that the contest lay between Bennett and White, and in the third mile the latter dashed to the front, but subsided into his old position towards the close, while Smith was bringing up the rear at a not very fast gait, and in the fifth mile he too gave up the contest as hopeless. Matters remained about the same from this point to the eighth mile, when White again put on steam and passed Bennett at high pressure speed. The latter made every effort for a short time to recover his lost ground, but White still kept on, and increased his lead so much that Bennett also retired, and White ran the remaining three miles at his own gait without a constant, and finally won the race in, so it was reported at the stand, 59 min 56¼ secs, but a true record kept by an outsider shows still quicker time, viz:—59 min 19¼ secs. We place both tables side by side so that our readers can see where the discrepancy is, and draw their own inferences:—

	Official Time.	*Non-Official.*		*Official Time.*	*Non Official.*
1st mile	4m 49s	4m 49s	7th mile	6m 13s	6m 13s
2d "	5 26	5 26	8th "		6 30
3d "	5 21	5 21	9th "	21 01	6 58
4th "	5 01	5 01	10th "		6 58½
5th "	5 59½	5 59			
6th "	6 12	6 12	Total	59 56½	59 19¼

The official time for the last three miles has not been published but by striking a balance between the aggregate totals of those given, and the announced whole time of the ten miles, we find that they were run in 21 min. 1 sec., while the same three miles are given in the non-official table as having been run in 20:24½. Furthermore, in footing up both totals we find a difference of 37 seconds. We hope the association is not suppressing the truth for ulterior objects, as the public are very apt to criticise closely and get suspicious when such things occur; and as a consequence fail to patronise sports as they otherwise would do, of which we give trotting matches as an example.

ANOTHER FOOT RACE ON FASHION COURSE.—The five mile race which was to have taken place on the 17th, "fell through," owing, it is alleged, to there not being sufficient entries, and from what having sprained his ankle. A mile, and a quarter mile race, are to come off on July 1st, when the price of admission is to be reduced from one dollar to fifty cents.

A NOVEL SEINE SCENE.—A lady, of Rock Hill, Conn., while, recently passing a brook which runs into the Connecticut

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

A NEW BOAT CLUB has been organized in Toronto, C. W., owned and officered as follows:—President, John Ross Robinson; Captain, John Maxwell Strange; Secretary, Llewellyn Henry Robertson; Treasurer, Alex. Edward McDonald. The institution is called the "Model Grammar School Rowing Club," and from a copy of its rules and regulations forwarded us, we infer that it will be a permanent one, and that its members intend that it shall be conducted "decently and in order." They have two boats, The Atalanta, six oars, valued at $150, and THE CLIPPER, four oars, named after our own little craft. For this mark of approbation bestowed upon us by the gentlemen of the club, we tender our warmest thanks, and we would add that we hope their CLIPPER will be among the foremost in all her encounters, despite all obstacles, as it will give us great pleasure to record all her victories, which we hope will be many and frequent.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

BORN at Westminster, England, April 17th, 1756. Was apprenticed to a respectable printer of Berwick. His principal attention was devoted to private theatricals, instead of handling the "stick and rule;" made his first appearance in public in the spring of 1776, as Dumont, in "Jane Shore." In 1794, made his first appearance in Dublin, as Othello; during this engagement he married Miss Daniels, an actress who soon forsook him; made his first appearance at Covent Garden, October 31st, 1800, as Richard the Third.

Mr. Cooke was the first "star" that played in this country, he was brought over from England by T. A. Cooper, and his salary was to be twenty-five guineas a week for ten months, to play in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, a benefit at each place, and twenty-five cents a mile for travelling expenses between the above-named places, and his passage from England paid.

Made his first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, New York, Nov. 21st, 1810, as Richard the Third, before an audience of 3200 people, and the receipts were $1820. During his engagement of seventeen nights the receipts were $21 578; first appeared in Philadelphia, March 25th, 1811, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Richard. He performed sixteen nights, the receipts being $17 360 32

On the 20th of June 1811, he married Mrs. Behn, in New York. His last appearance on any stage was at Providence, R. I., with the Boston Company, July 31st, 1812, as Sir Giles Overeach, the receipts were $285.

Died in New York, September 26th, 1812. His career was terminated through the indulgence of his love of drink, and his genius and talents crushed by the blighting effect of that demon which obtains oftentime the strongest hold over those who are the most brilliant in intellect.

His remains were interred in St. Paul's Church yard, where a monument has been erected to his memory by Edmund Kean.

It was reported that the immediate cause of his death was a serious effusion of the chest and abdomen. He was conscious to the last and resigned to his fate. His funeral was an imposing spectacle. The reverend, the clergy, the physicians, the members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, the *literati* and men of science, the members of the dramatic corps, and a large concourse of citizens moved in the procession.

He was possessed of a long and somewhat hooked nose, a pair of fiery and expressive eyes, a lofty and somewhat broad front, and the lines of his muscles which moved the lips were pointedly marked. His voice was powerful and of great compass.

At this late date, after a lapse of nearly half a century, it might be pronounced foolishness to offer even a passing remark on Cooke's peculiar merits in portraying individual character. Cibber has said, the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record, and everybody has felt the force of the observation. I had seen little of the stage before I saw Cooke, and must therefore hold in comparison in the little that I utter, the impressions experienced from actors of a later date. Cooke's Shylock, a new reading to the western world, was a most impassioned exhibition. His aquiline nose was of itself a legacy here. The revengeful Jew made his great and successful impression with Tubal, and in the trial scene his triumph was complete. Iago, with Cooke, was a more palpable and consummate villain than with any other actor I have subsequently seen. I think I have seen a better Macbeth; the transitions of Cooke were scarcely immediate enough for the timid, hesitating, wavering monarch. His Sir Giles Overreach was not so terrifically impressive as that of Kean. His Kitely was an intellectual repast. His Lear verified the opinion of Johnson concerning that tragedy. "There is no play," says he, "which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity." Cooke's Sir Pertinax, for comic force, versatility of features, blandishments, inimitable pliability of address, and perfect personation of character, is acknowledged to have surpassed Macklin's. A like tribute is due to his Sir Archy McSarcasm. I believe that no actor in any one part within the compass of the entire drama, ever excelled therein to an equal degree as did Mr. Cooke in the Scotch character. The impression created by its representation is too deep to be obliterated while one surviving witness remains. It was his greatest performance, and was rendered the more acceptable by his wonderful enunciation of the Scotch dialect. In one of my visits to him at the Old Tontine, his first residence in New York, I incidentally spoke to him concerning his personation of Sir Pertinax, and stated that all the town had concluded he was a Scotchman. "They have the same opinion of me in Scotland," said he; "I am an Englishman." "And how sir, did you acquire so profound a knowledge of the Scotch accentuation?" I rejoined. "I studied more than two and a half years in my own room, with repeated intercourse with Scotch society, in order to master the Scottish dialect, before I ventured to appear on the boards of Edinburg, as Sir Pertinax, and when I did, Sawney took me for a native. It was the hardest task I ever undertook."

Cooke justly demands a greater space than this occasion warrants; but the able critical pens of the time have commemorated his achievements, and the veteran Wood, in his personal reminiscences of the stage, has dealt with him impartially, and delineated his character with great fidelity. He was of a kindly disposition, of great benevolence, and filled with charitable impulses. His strong mental powers were improved by reading, yet more by observation and a study of mankind. Self reliance was his distinguishing quality; few ever were at any time able to overcome his determination. His resolves scarcely ever yielded. When not influenced by the goblet, his conversation was instructive and his manners urbane; he had a tear for distress, and a hand of liberality for want. He was a great original, and had the logic within himself to justify innovation. His master was nature, and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric. He thought much of Kemble, and everything of Garrick, both of whom he had seen perform. He cherished an exalted idea of his art, and demanded deference from the menial and the noble. He was thoroughly imbued with the value of Franklin's aphorism:—"If you make a sheep of yourself, the wolves will devour you." He tolerated no invasion of his rights. And yet that one stain on his character, his mania for drink (a periodical disease, often of some duration,) dethroned his high purpose, and at times degraded him below the dignity of man. In that condition no violence was like his; abuse of kindest friends, extravagance beyond limits, obstinacy invincible. On the return of right reason, he would cast a withering glance on those around him, and ask:—"What part is Geo. Frederick Cooke placarded for to-night?"

After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candle sticks, the lights in full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by Price, the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage waiting at the door to take him to the play house. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green room and was soon ready. Price saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. "Let him," says the manager, "only get before the lights and the receipts are secure." Within the wonted time Cooke entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house he whispered:—"Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles?" Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered some $400 among the needy and solicitous, and took refreshment in a sound sleep.

Throbbing invades the heart when narrating the career of this extraordinary man, of herculean constitution, so abundant in recuperative energies; of faculties so rare, and so sublime, cut off so early. I was with him at his closing hours; serious effusion of the chest and abdomen were the immediate cause of his death. He was conscious to the last. Cooke attracted a mighty notice when, with his dignified mien and stately person, attired as the old English gentleman, he walked abroad. His funeral was an imposing spectacle. The quiet Sabbath added to the solemnity. He had no kindred to follow in the procession, but there were many real mourners. His Shylock, Sir Pertinax McSycophant, and Sir Archy McSarcasm, were some of his finest performances. In Scotch characters he was never excelled by any actor in the world.

[Next week, E. L. Davenport.]

THE OLD TREE HOUSE.

A FEW CLODS FROM THE RUINS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The "Old Tree House," which stood at the corner of Pell street and the Bowery, is gone at last. One of the oldest landmarks and greatest sporting houses in the city is completely wiped out. For years it has bravely weathered the storm that has swept down nearly all the time honored old haunts of New York, but it has at last succumbed to the fiend improvement, and the "Old Tree" has disappeared, root and branch. For some years past this old sporting wigwam has shown signs of decay; the old tree had been removed from the sidewalk, and the remains placed upon the roof of the house; the bright and lively appearance of the little crib, especially on "turkey nights," became very dismal, and it looked altogether as if the days of its glory were gone. The old sports that once frequented the house had almost entirely deserted it of late years, death having called upon most of them to shuffle the cards for the last time, and there remain but very few now this side of the grave who recollect it in its good old palmy days. It lived to a good age, and struggled bravely against the destroyer, until a few days ago, when a body of stalwart Irishers laid violent hands upon it, and knocked it into smithereens. As I passed along the Bowery the other day, and saw the old roof carried off, I thought of an old sport that used to hang out there, and who, when the champagne corks were flying, and toasts were in order, would give, if he was called upon twenty times a night—"The roof we're under." I am not subject to spells of deep thinking, but when I saw the walls of the old lodge tumbling in, and found that the old familiar tree had vamosed, I was brought to a stand still. I concluded to retire to George Worden's and settle down into a quiet contemplation of the "days of old lang syne." I tried there to learn more about the concern than I knew myself, but I found that their knowledge was no better than my own. I knew a couple of men around the old Bowery a few years ago, but they now sleep their last sleep in Greenwood. If they were on deck now they could give some queer accounts of the Old Tree House. There is a long history connected with it, and if those old crumbling walls could speak, what a thrilling and exciting account they could give of the scenes performed within them. It was one of the oldest, and at one time one of the most prosperous sporting houses in the country. There were fortunes lost and won there. There cannot be anything written about the character of such a place that will offer much useful instruction to the community, but still it may be a little interesting to the readers of the CLIPPER to hear of some incidents connected with the career of this old Soug Harbor. It was patronized by some of the biggest men in the country, and thousands of dollars passed from one hand to another nightly. Many a young man with heated brain and throbbing pulse, turned his back on those doors a desperate and a ruined man, perhaps to find consolation for his loss in the silent river, or by the pistol shot. But then these were only snug little windfalls for the professional "ropers" who introduced them to the game, and afterwards took good care of their money. I was told by good authority that this house was visited twenty-five years ago by one of the smartest Senators we ever had in this country. He ran through every dollar he was worth in the world in betting on his favorite cards. One night, after losing heavily, he became excited, and put the last five hundred he had on the ace, but by hard work he was prevented from losing it by his friends. It was to this same Old Tree House that the celebrated but unfortunate Charlotte Temple, whose sad story every one must have heard on the stage, or read in the novel of that name, was brought on a dark, cold night, long ago, by her seducer, Montraville, and there remained until her child was born. Poor Charlotte! It is many a long year ago since, at the age of nineteen, she left the old house, to take up her last residence in the churchyard of Trinity. Even there the world wouldn't let her rest. Her daughter grew up, and went to her folks, who were "lords, dukes, and earls," in England. In some years afterwards she had a costly silver plate, with a plain inscription, placed upon the tomb to the memory of her mother. One wild, dark night, a couple of thieves entered the graveyard, and tore the plate from the slab. By some means or other they dropped it in the grass as they were coming out, where it was found by the sexton next morning; but it was so badly disfigured that it was impossible to restore it to its original place. This was substituted by the words "To the memory of Charlotte Temple," that now mark her resting place.

So you see, the Old Tree House has been a notorious old spot. During the latter years of its existence, the chief part of the sport going on there was "Raffling for Poultry." Going up the Bowery on certain nights in the week, as you passed Pell street, you would see a transparency over the door, with a Shanghai rooster painted on it; and the words "raffling for poultry this evening," in big letters, would catch your eye. Many a chuck I've given them old dice. I never threw three sixes with them, though, but once. I tell you, them chickens used to pay Billy Carland pretty well. When the policy writers and job speculators around the diggings used to make their appearance, the "dullcks" used to come tumbling in. John Dennett recollects how he used to sweep in those pools. I've seen a good many smart game keepers, John, but you can take my hat. I could never see how you done that sleight-of-hand trick of yours. Well, I went in for a turkey a good many times on that board—a shilling a pool you know—but nary a gobbler could I see. At last, one Saturday night my luck changed, and I fetched the long expected fowl. On my way home with it, I began to count up what it cost me, and found it to be twenty five dollars and fifty cents. Blarst the expense—the turkey was tender, and I was satisfied. I wasn't much surprised to hear Billy Carland tell Young Sandy that he cleared three thousand dollars a year on his dice table alone. If you couldn't win a gobbler, you were in for a good two days' drunk and plenty of fun, and that wasn't so bad you know, for some folks. You can't find any such fun around the Bowery now as there was in it then. Ever since George Worden put up that big hotel of his, the old sporters seemed to shake the Old Tree.

While I am talking about the defunct old landmark, I will tell you a story I heard a couple of years ago in relation to it. While myself and an ex-constable were travelling up around the Dry Dock one night, we dropped into a porter house where the bailiff was acquainted, and while we were drinking I thought I would take a bird's eye view of the premises. I espied crouched up in one corner of the bar-room something like a human being. He had on an old slouch hat; his old wrinkled face was covered with a long gray beard; as he leaned his chin upon a cudgel, which he clasped in both hands, and looked out at us from those shaggy old brows of his, he sent a strange feeling all through my body. The constable and the boss of the shanty were talking about old times, and old places around the city, when the old savage put in his oar, and said, "neither one of you knows a d——d thing about what you're talking about!"

"Now, Uncle Jake," said the landlord to him, tenderly, "you promised you wouldn't interrupt me any more while I was talking to a friend."

The old buffer didn't take the least notice of this speech, but squirmed about like a sick hound, and watched us with the same glare as before.

"You see," says the man behind the bar to us, "this old buffer has a good many years upon his shoulders. He is light in the head, and doesn't know what he's saying or doing half the time. He was a cab-driver for thirty years in this city, and he sometimes commences to rave over his old recollections. When he gets rightly warmed up, his ideas come to him as clear as they do to any man, and he keeps no secrets."

I was always fond of listening to old yarns, so I made up my mind to try and start the old man upon a talking expedition. It didn't take much trouble to do this, for I had only said two or three words about the Bowery, when he got steam up. "Bowery," said he, with a frightful grin, "what do you know about the Bowery? You hain't nothing but a boy yet. You had better dry up on old tracks. If you want to know anything about the Bowery, you'd better ask old Jake. He's the boy that can tell you."

I played innocent, thinking it was the best way to get some knowledge out of him but the landlord told me in a whisper that if I wanted to get some rich confessions out of him to pretend that I knew just as much about things as the old fellow did himself. I followed this advice, until I got him well stirred up, and under way. When I had done so, he talked as sensibly and steadily as any of us could, he being in the habit of recovering his mind whenever he got excited. We sat down, and he went on.

"You talk about the Bowery, eh! I was in the Bowery twenty-five years ago, and drove every d——d blackleg and thief that had a V in his pocket, around the city, when they were afraid to walk, and the world was asleep. I made a good deal of money them times, but I earned it hard. Old Jake has done some rough and nasty work in his time, but if his hands were washed of one piece of business, he wouldn't be a feared to die any minute. But I don't like to be held responsible for a couple of my tricks, and that's the worst of em." At this point his grey eyes actually shot fire, his whole frame trembled, and he fairly bit his under lip until it bled. "Now," he continued, "I'm just a going to tell you about this piece of business, for they say open confession is good for the soul. When I tell it to you, though, I aint a going to mention any names, because every one that took a part in the job is dead and gone, only me. I used to have my stand in Chatham square, and I was a great favorite with the "tiger buckers" around the Bowery. The Old Tree House, particularly, used to give me a good deal of work to do. I used to have calls from the fellows that gambled there from ten o'clock at night until daylight, when they would disappear from sight like owls for the rest of the day. There was one very good looking young man, a New York shipping merchant—and he was the best customer I had. He was keeping company with a young gal in the Seventh Ward. She was a young Quakeress, and the only daughter of a poor widow who depended on her for a living. This young man told me he was a going to marry her, and the old woman thought so, too. Oh! was'nt that gal a beauty! I never saw one like her since. He used to take her out three or four times a week regularly. If he was only taking her out for a little supper, he wanted a carriage. Well, this style went on for a good while, but at last I noticed that he didn't want a coach so often. The few times I saw her she looked to me so changed that I could'nt think what was the matter. At last I saw she was done for, and so help me God I felt bad. I saw that he got the best of her, and then wanted to shake her off. He came to me one night, and it was the first of him I had seen in a month. He ordered me to be ready at 12 o'clock in Grand street, and that he would be on hand. He told me the gal's old woman wanted her to marry a ship-carpenter, and that he wanted to take her to a friend's house where she would stay for a few days, until he could take her in the country, and marry her. I thought there was something wrong going on, but a good sized gold piece shut my mouth, and I promised to keep mum. I was on deck at the appointed hour. I drove them through more than a dozen dark by-streets, until we reached a small side gate. The door-keeper must have expected us, for we had no sooner struck the spot than the gate was opened quietly, and they stepped in. That gal then put her feet into the hall of the most damnable and murdering abortionist that ever cursed God's earth. Next day the poor old woman was running crazy all over the town, looking for her daughter, but no one knew what became of her, of course. Two days after the poor woman was found dead in her bed, for her heart was broken. The poor girl's death groans, of course, were never heard outside of that infernal hell, for she never stood beyond those walls alive. I lost sight entirely of the faro man, and couldn't find out what became of him. You see he ruined mother and daughter both, and I, the only witness to the crime, seconded the principal, and sold my soul to the devil for a few pieces of gold, and the thing blew over like a nine days' wonder. Ten years after that, I happened to go up to the Lunatic Asylum with a patient. I took a notion to go in and have a look at the concern, when, who should I see, bound legs and arms with chains, but my old customer. His eyes were flashing fire, and he was frothing at the mouth like a mad dog. I ran from the place scared to death, and he's been before my eyes ever since. I afterwards heard, that one night, while the keeper was asleep, he got loose somehow, and dashed his brains out against the prison walls."

When the old maniac had finished his story, he started to his feet, gave a wild shriek, and then fell back exhausted. Thus ended the old cab driver's recollections of the Old Tree House. Before twelve months elapsed from that night, the unfortunate old man met the same terrible fate as the gambler and seducer.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS.—These elegant and serviceable blanks, better suited to their purpose than any others ever offered to American Amateurs, can, by the last amendment of the P. O. laws, be sent by weight, and the Editor will hereafter send them at $1 per 100, *post paid*. Address Chess Ed. CLIPPER, 29 Ann st., N. Y.

MORPHY CHESS ROOMS' TOURNAMENT.—The fourth *free* gathering in this most popular of Caissa's lists has reached the Third Round, in which the surviving contestants are thus re-matched:—

No. 1—Maxwell *vs* Caldwell. | No. 3—Jos. Leonard *vs* Peabody.
2—Wood *vs* McLean. | 4—Richardson *vs* Chamier.

CLIPPER PROBLEMS—INVITATION.—In about a couple of months, or say by Sept. 1st *prox.*, we shall have progressed so far upon our stock of problems on hand as to be in condition to receive and publish new contributions from our contributors. Again thanking numerous friends for assurances of support, we hereby fulfil our promise of notifying them when current compositions would be acceptable; and now invite well digested and thoroughly-tested conceptions to be forwarded at any time, to be filed in order of reception. It is now *over two years* since we have desired or accepted such contributions—thanks to the abundant and generous response to our late Tournament prospectus. All good original games, excellent for instructive solidity or entertaining brilliancy, accompanied by contributor's annotations, are, also, respectfully solicited.

KOLISCH AND BARNES.—A series of games has recently been contested between these eminent players, resulting thus:—Drawn, 1; Mr. Barnes, 1; Herr Kolisch, 12.

MR. PINDAR has lately visited London and successfully encountered Mr. Burden and Herr Falkbeer.

MESSRS. WATKINSON AND THOROLD.—Each player has won four.

SOLUTIONS.

OF PROBLEM No. 278.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..P x B (Kt) +	K x Kt	3..P to Q B 4	B moves, or P x P
2..R P x P	P-K 3 *best*	4..B gives checkmate.	

OF PROBLEM No. 279.

1..Q to her R 6, do as Black may, mate next move.

OF PROBLEM No. 280.

1..P to Q B 6, P x R, P-K 6, or Q B moves; 2..R to R 8; 3..R, or B, mates.
1.. P x B, or K B moves, 2..R to K B 5, 3..R-R 7, mate.
1.. K x Kt; 2..R-R 8 +; 3..B gives mate.

OF ENIGMA No. 275.

Few ever succeeded in unravelling this masterly conception.

1..K to K 4 dis +	K to Q 4	3..Q to her 5 +	K x Kt
2..B-Q 4	K x B	4..P gives checkmate.	

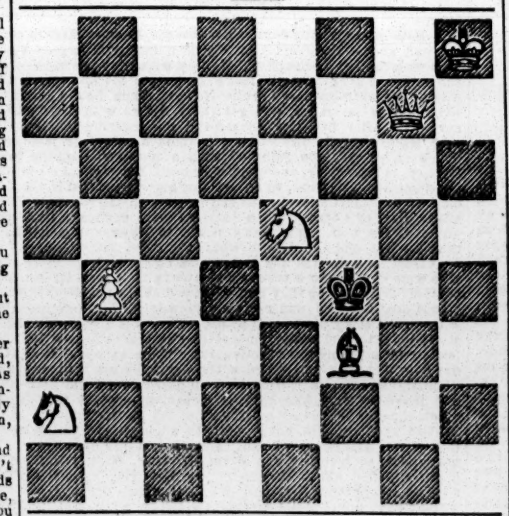
1.. K to Kt 6; 2..Kt to Q 2 +; 3..B to B 3; 4..mates.
2.. P to Kt 5; 3..Q to her 2 +; 4..Kt mates.
2.. K to his 3; 3..Kt to Kt 5 +; 4..Q mates.

ENIGMA No. 281.

Chess Study, by HERR HORWITZ —*Manchester Express.*

White, with the move, to win the *partie*.

PROBLEM No. 281.
BY F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 281.

An amusing skirmish between our contributors J. A. Leonard and Geo. H. Derrickson.

KING'S KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Derrickson.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Derrickson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q to her 4	Q to her R 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..Q B-Q 2	P-Q Kt 4
3..K B-B 4	P-Q 3	14..P-Q Kt 3	Q-her R 3
4..P-Q 4	K P x P	15..K B-Q 3	Q-her Kt 2
5..K Kt x P	Q-K 2	16..P-Q B 4	P-Q Kt 5
6..Castles	K Kt-B 3	17..P-Q R 3	Kt P x P
7..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Q 2	18..Q R x P	Q-her Kt 3
8..K Kt x Kt	Q B x Kt	19..Q x Q	B P x Q
9..Q Kt-Q 5	Q B x Kt	20..Q R x P	K Kt-Q 2
10..K P x B	Castles, Q R	21..Q B-B 4, and	
11..K R-K sq	Q-her 2	the Attack wins.	

Brilliant skirmish at the St. James (London) Chess Club, between Messrs. Geake and Pieconka —*Era.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	6..Q to K R 5	K Kt to R 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	7..P-Q 4	B P x P
3..K B-B 4	Q Kt-R 4	8..Castles(a)	P-K Kt 3
4..K B x B P +	K x K B	9..K Kt x P	R P x Kt, and
5..K Kt-K 5 +	K-his 3	Attack mates in two moves.	

(a) The following would have been a pretty conclusion:—

8..Kt to K B 7	Q to her B 2 (1)	10..Q B to Kt 5 +	K to Kt 3
9..Q-her 5 +	K-his B 3	11..Kt x K R +	K-R 4, and
The Attack mates in four moves.			

(1) If Kt x Kt, mate in two moves.—*H. N. Stone.*

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

"THE MOVE" AGAIN.—We are under obligations to Mr. Alonzo Brooks, of Buffalo, for the abbreviated exposition of the "move" as given below:—

THE CHANGES OF THE "MOVE." Scientifically Demonstrated, by ALONZO BROOKS.—*Rule:* To decide what changes do, or do not change the move, add together all of the capturing pieces in both systems, and if they are the same as the captured pieces in each system, (that is, both odd, or both even,) the move is not changed; but if they are reverse to each other, (that is, one odd and one even,) the move is changed. N. B.—It has been affirmed by many that a change of two for two does not change the move. It is generally supposed that three for three always changes the move—also, one for one. All who entertain the above idea, can discover, by the above rule, that the principle which acts on a single change produces the same result on *all* changes. If there be any that can take advantage of the above rule, I shall be happy to hear from them. Yours, respectfully ALONZO BROOKS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPATTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Many thanks. One given this week.

C. M. WILDER, West Peterboro, N. H.—Cash received. Book will be forwarded to your address. Position on file for examination. Thanks.

ALONZO BROOKS, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your article appears this week. We trust that our friends will look to its merits. If it gives rise to "profitable speculation" so much the better.

S. M. RATCLIFF, Buffalo, N. Y.—One of your games (from Am. Draught Player) appears this week. Let us hear from you now and then.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Rec'd too late for insertion last week.

GAME No. 9.—VOL. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

IRREGULAR—BY S. M. RATCLIFF.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17..14	to 18	17	to 13
2.. 8	11	26	23	18.. 9	14	13	9*
3.. 4	8	30	26	19.. 8	11	25	22
4..15	18	23	14	20..18	25	29	22
5.. 9	18	22	15	21..11	15	22	17
6..11	18	19	15	22..14	18	17	14
7..10	19	24	15	23..23	26	31	22
8.. 5	9	28	24	24..18	25	14	10
9..12	16	24	20	25..25	29	9	6
10..16	19	20	16	26..29	25	6	2
11.. 9	14	16	12	27..25	22	2	6
12.. 6	9	27	23	28..15	19	6	9
13..18	27	32	16	29..19	24	9	13
14.. 7	11	16	7	30..22	18	13	9
15.. 2	18	26	22	31..18	15	9	6
16..18	23	22	17	32..15	11	6	2

B wins.

* 13 to 9 loses. 25 to 22 draws. See A. D. P., var. 17.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 9.—VOL. IX.

By W. S. Knight is reserved till next week.

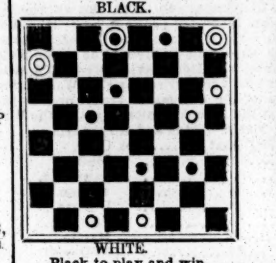
N. B.—Read "Black to move and win," instead of draw, in Mr. Knight's position.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 28th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..11 to 7	8 to 10
2.. 2	17 and wins.

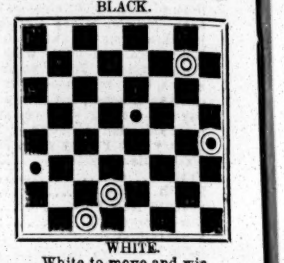
POSITION No. 10.—VOL. IX.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to play and win.

THE 29th POSITION OF STURGES.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
5.. 8	11	17	13

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S.	
11.. 7	16	31	15

THE BRITISH TURF.

EPSOM RACES.

THE DERBY DAY.

THE eighty-second anniversary of the far famed Derby Day was duly celebrated on Wednesday, May 29. Though gloomy forebodings were no doubt engendered as to the flueness of the weather by the somewhat dull and windy appearance of the previous day, it required but one peep at the clouds on the morning of "England's national holiday" to come to the conclusion that no fears need be entertained on the score of rain. The sun shone brilliantly during the whole of the day; and the attendance was the most numerous that ever assembled on the Downs. Long before the time set for the first race, the Course and the sides presented a mass of human heads, while the hill in front of the enclosure was thickly studded with the "million," who became sportsmen for the nonce. From an early hour crowds began to arrive by the cheap trains advertised by the rival companies, and no sooner was each platform cleared of its living freight than another train arrived, so that there was an endless moving mass towards the running ground up to two o'clock; and even after that hour trains continued to arrive loaded with voyagers. For all this railway traffic, however, the characteristics of the road were fully maintained, as the various routes from London presented their usual scene of gaiety and animation; and though, as might naturally be expected from so many "tumble down" vehicles being brought into requisition that the average number came "to grief," on the way, no serious accident occurred. The Grand Stand was completely crammed, and the additional row of "stalls" proved very inadequate to the occasion, as the applications for places were so numerous, that if six times the number provided had been available, it would have fallen far short of the demand. Along the balcony of the Grand Stand a most gorgeous array of beauty and fashion was visible, the sun having a most brilliant effect on the colors of the numerous dresses displayed, while on the top of the building just previous to the proceedings commencing not a gap was to be seen larger than what a barber's pole might be put down in. The show of vehicles on the hill and along the rails was even larger than ever, and the numerous erections adjacent to the Enclosure also presented their usual Derby Day appearance, being crowded from the bottom to the roof.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE START.

The steeds left the Paddock in the following order, and proceeded past the Stand for the Corner, to take their preliminary canter, viz: Russley, Dundee, Rouge Dragon, Royallieu, Lopcatcher, Seven Dials, Lupus, Klarikoff, The Drake, Kildonan, Aurelian, Gardner, and Dictator, followed at a wide interval by Imaus, Diophantus, and Colonel Towneley's pair abreast, Atherstone bringing up the rear. The scene now presented almost beggars description. From every available height from whence a view could be obtained of the approaching struggle, was to be seen a human head, and even the chimney-pots on the top of the old Rubbing house had each an occupant, while from the bottom end of the Course to Tattenham Corner crowds of people thronged on to the rails. At the starting point, too, considerably more than the usual number were located, with the usual number of frantic horsemen, who constantly make a point of galloping across to the finish as soon as the starting has been achieved. Dundee and Russley were the first to canter past the Enclosure, and that the former pleased the *cognoscenti* was evident, from the rush to get on him, 5 to 2 being freely booked, and as plenty of wagers were, doubtless, pending as to who would start first favorite, it might be well to state the price booked about Diophantus up to the last moment, which was 4 to 1, shorter odds being refused. Lopcatcher, Gardener, and Royallieu came after the Russley representatives, followed by Dictator and Kildonan, abreast, Atherstone, Seven Dials, Yorkminster, Lupus, Aurelian, Klarikoff, The Drake, and Rouge Dragon, the Newmarket pair being the last to exhibit. They walked at a slow pace through the Paddock towards Mr. M'George, and all was hushed for the start, the operations in the Ring having ceased, and Bookmakers and backers alike awaiting almost breathless for the result. When within about fifty yards of the going point, the Starter made a move, as if he was going to let them off, when Russley, Klarikoff, Kettledrum, and two or three others, broke away, and thus two or three minutes were lost. They were brought back, however, and precisely at twenty-three minutes past three the ceremony of dropping the flag, by Mr. McGeorge, was duly performed for

THE START

which was one of the worst ever witnessed for a Derby, Lopcatcher, Rouge Dragon, Klarikoff, and Lupus getting away many lengths in the rear. The leading horses comprised Imaus, Royallieu, Diophantus, Kettledrum, Yorkminster, and Russley, the Frenchman taking the lead after they had settled into places, with Lord Stamford's and Colonel Towneley's horses lying next, with Russley, Aurelian, Lopcatcher, The Drake, Dundee, Kildonan, and Dictator in a body, Rouge Dragon and Klarikoff making up their ground fast. With the exception of Lupus still struggling in the rear, the gaps had nearly closed up as they passed through the furze, where Royallieu was eased, and the running taken up by Diophantus at a great pace, Kettledrum and Russley going on next, and Imaus and Yorkminster giving way to Atherstone and Aurelian. At the bottom of the hill, Diophantus had a lead of three or four lengths, and Klarikoff having made up his ground by this time, he looked as well as anything at this point of the race, lying well up with Kettledrum, Atherstone, and Aurelian. Before getting to the corner, Kettledrum went up to the girths of Diophantus, but was pulled back on rounding the turn, and Diophantus thus led into the Straight, Kettledrum going on second, and Aurelian, Atherstone, Kildonan, Royallieu, Dictator, Klarikoff, and Lopcatcher in a body, Russley having dropped back. Dundee came round rather wide, but made up his ground so fast that he laid about sixth at the road, and in attempting to get nearer his horses he was swerved against by Royallieu, Atherstone, who ran very "groggy," pressing the last-named rather too closely. Dundee was thus nearly thrown down, but he soon got righted, and took his old position, Custance evidently intending to adopt the waiting tactics. Diophantus continued to lead, attended by Kettledrum and Aurelian, Atherstone having had enough of it, and these three came on together

on the lower ground, Kildonan, Imaus, Dictator, and one or two others being beaten at the distance, and Klarikoff going on fourth, with Dundee still running wide by himself. Diophantus was soon afterwards seen to be in trouble, while Kettledrum was being held steadily by Bullock about half a length behind him. Just after passing the distance post, Dundee's head was seen to drop, but one stroke of the whip sent him going, Custance little thinking for the moment he had broken down, for the "crack" came on gallantly to the stand, where Lord Stamford's horse was beaten, and Dundee tried in vain to overhaul Kettledrum, who won, amidst tremendous excitement, by a length, the pair running so widely apart that it was a matter of no ordinary difficulty to say which had won till the number went up. Diophantus was beaten by a head for second place, and Aurelian finished a head from the third. Klarikoff was a good fifth, Royallieu sixth, Imaus, Kildonan, Atherstone, and Yorkminster cantering home next; the last lot consisting of Gardener, Lupus Seven Dials, and Rouge Dragon, the last-named of whom could never get near the front. Dundee was found to have broken down very badly. Run in 2 mins. 43secs. Net value of the stakes, £6,250.

SUMMARY OF THE RACE

The Derby stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft.; for three year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; and 50 sovs. to the judge; the last mile and a half to be run on the New Course. (238 subs.)

* Col Towneley's Kettledrum, by Rataplan—Hybla, 8st 7lb, Bullock 1
* Mr. Merry's Dundee, by Lord of the Isles—Marmelade, 8st 7lb, Custance 2
Lord Stamford's Diophantus, by Orlando, out of Equation, 8st 7lb, A Edwards. 3
* Mr. Hamilton's Aurelian, by Stockwell—Zenobia, 8st 7lb, J. Goater 4
* Sir J. Hawley's Rouge Dragon, by Windhound—Paradigm, 8st 7lb, Wells 0
* Mr. Parr's Kildonan, by Newminster—Shamrock, 8st 7lb, Clement 0
* Mr. Thomas' Dictator, by The Cure—The Queen, 8st 7lb, Osborne 0
* Lord Glasgow's The Drake, by Stockwell—dam by Pyrrhus the First, out of Miss Whip, 8st 7lb, Aldcroft 0
* Mr. Henry's Klarikoff, by De Clare—Miasma, 8st 7lb, Fordham 0
* Lord Stamford's Imaus, by Newminster—Himalaya, 8st 7lb, French 0
Count Lagrange's Royallieu, by Fitz Gladiator—Eusebia, 8st 7lb, Grimshaw 0
* Lord Lincoln's Lupus, by Loup Garou—Birthday, 8st 7lb, A' Day 0
* Mr. Parker's Atherstone, by Touchstone—out of Lady Harriet, 8st 7lb, S. Rogers 0
* Col Towneley's Yorkminster, by Newminster—out of Rosaura, 8st 7lb, J. Snowden 0
* Mr. Merry's Russley, by Oulston—Phemy, 8st 7lb, Withington 0
* Mr. Manning's Seven Dials, by Joe Lovell, out of Palmistry, 8st 7lb, Sopp 0
* Sir C Monck's Gardener, by The Cure—Gaiety, 8st 7lb D. Hughes 0
Mr. J. Osborne's Lopcatcher, by Birdcatcher—Barbata, 8st 7lb, Challoner 0

Horses marked thus * are engaged in the St. Leger.

BETTING AT STARTING.

5 to 2 agst Dundee	30 to 1 agst The Drake
4 to 1 — Diophantus	40 to 1 — Yorkminster
6 to 1 — Dictator	50 to 1 — Russley
8 to 1 — Klarikoff	50 to 1 — Atherstone
12 to 1 — Kildonan	66 to 1 — Aurelian
100 to 7 — Rouge Dragon	100 to 1 — Lupus
100 to 6 — Kettledrum	100 to 1 — Gardener
20 to 1 — Royallieu	200 to 1 — Lopcatcher
25 to 1 — Imaus	200 to 1 — Seven Dials

PERFORMANCES OF THE WINNER.

In 1860, at York August, carrying 8st 7lb, won Fifth North of England Biennial Stakes, T Y. C., by a neck, beating Dictator, 8st 10lb, second, Mimic, 8st 7lb, third, three lengths from the second, Russley, 8st 7lb, fourth, three lengths from the third, and the following not placed:—Authoress, 8st 2lb, Lady Blanche, 7st 13lb, Virgilius, 8st 7lb, and Matador, 8st 7lb; same meeting, carrying 8st 7lb, was a bad third for Colt Sapling Stakes, won by Gardener. At Doncaster, carrying 8st 7lb, was second, beaten a neck, for Champagne Stakes, won by Walloon. In 1861, carrying 8st 7lb, was second, beaten three lengths, for the Two Thousand, won by Diophantus.

WINNERS OF THE DERBY.

Yr.	Owner.	Winner.	Sst	S.	P.	Rider	Time.
1780	Sir C. Bunbury..	Diomed.....	36	9	5	S. Arnull.	
1781	Mr. O'Kelly.....	Y. Eclipse	35	15	3	Hindley ..	
1782	Lord Egremont..	Assassin.....	35	13	3	S. Arnull.	
1783	Mr. Parker	Saltram.....	34	6	6	Hindley ..	
1784	Mr. O'Kelly.....	Serjeant.....	30	11	3	J. Arnull.	
1785	Lord Claremont.	Aimwell.....	29	10	4	Hindley ..	
1786	Mr. Panton	Noble.....	29	15	5	J. White..	
1787	Lord Derby.....	Sir Peter Teazle.	33	7	3	S. Arnull.	
1788	Prince of Wales.	Sir Thomas.....	30	11	5	W. South.	
1789	Duke of Bedford.	Sky Scraper	30	11	6	Chifney sr.	
1790	Lord Grosvenor.	Rhadamanthus ..	32	10	5	J. Arnull.	
1791	Duke of Bedford.	Eager.....	32	9	4	Stephens'n	
1792	Lord Grosvenor.	John Bull.....	32	7	7	Buckle.. .	
1793	Sir F. Poole.....	Waxy.....	50	13	6	Clift	
1794	Lord Grosvenor.	Dædalus.....	49	4	4	Buckle ...	
1795	Sir F. Standish..	Spread Eagle.....	45	11	5	A. Wheatly	
1796	Sir F. Standish..	Didelot.....	45	11	3	J. Arnull.	
1797	Duke of Bedford.	C-s-to Pharamond	37	7	7	J Singleton	
1798	Mr. Cookson....	Sir Harry.....	37	10	3	S. Arnull.	
1799	Sir F. Standish..	Archduke	33	11	4	J. Arnull.	
1800	Mr. Wilson	Champion	33	13	5	Clift	
1801	Sir C. Bunbury..	Eleanor.....	31	11	11	Saunders .	
1802	Duke of Grafton.	Tyrant.....	30	9	9	Buckle ...	
1803	Sir H.Williamson	Ditto.....	35	6	6	Clift.....	
1804	Lord Egremont..	Hannibal.....	33	8	8	W. Arnull	
1805	Lord Egremont..	Card. Beaufort..	39	15	5	Fitzpatrick	
1806	Lord Foley.	Paris	39	12	3	Shepherd.	
1807	Lord Egremont..	Election.....	38	13	3	J. Arnull.	
1808	Sir H.Williamson	Pan.....	38	10	4	Collinson .	
1809	Duke of Grafton	Pope.....	45	10	6	Goodison .	
1810	Duke of Grafton	Whalebone.....	45	11	3	Clift	
1811	Sir J. Shelley ..	Phantom.....	48	16	2	Buckle...	
1812	Mr. Ladbroke..	Octavius	47	14	3	W. Arnull	
1813	Sir C. Bunbury..	Smolensko.....	51	12	3	Goodison .	
1814	Lord Stawell....	Blucher.....	51	14	2	W. Arnull	
1815	Duke of Grafton.	Whisker.....	51	13	2	Goodison .	
1816	Duke of York...	Prince Leopold..	51	11	3	Wheatley.	
1817	Mr. Payne.....	Azor.....	56	13	2	Robinson.	
1818	Mr. Thornhill...	Sam.....	56	16	9	S. Chifney	
1819	Duke of Portland	Tiresias.....	54	16	2	Clift.....	
1820	Mr. Thornhill...	Sailor.....	52	15	3	S. Chifney	
1821	Mr. Hutter.....	Gustavus	54	13	3	S Day....	
1822	Duke of York...	Moses.....	53	12	3	Goodison .	
1823	Mr. Udny.....	Emilius.....	60	11	2	Buckle.. .	
1824	Sir J. Shelley...	Cedric.....	58	17	2	Robinson .	
1825	Lord Jersey....	Middleton	58	8	3	Robinson .	
1826	Lord Egremont..	Lapdog	57	19	3	Dockeray.	
1827	Lord Jersey	Mameluke	89	23	2	Robinson.	
1828	Duke of Rutland.	Cadland.....	89	5	2	Robinson.	
1829	Mr. Gratwicke..	Frederick	89	17	2	Forth	
1830	Mr. Chifney.....	Priam	89	23	3	S. Day	
1831	Lord Lowther...	Spaniel	105	23	2	Wheatley.	
1832	Mr. Risdale.....	St. Giles.....	101	22	3	Scott.....	
1833	Mr. Sadler.....	Dangerous.....	124	25	3	Chapple ..	
1834	Mr. Batson.....	Plenipotentiary..	123	23	3	Conolly...	
1835	Mr. Bowes.....	Mundig.....	128	14	2	Scott.....	
1836	Lord Jersey....	Bay Middleton..	128	21	3	Robinson .	
1837	Lord Berners...	Phosphorus.....	131	17	2	Edwards ..	
1838	Sir G. Heathcote	Amato	134	23	3	Chapple ..	
1839	Mr. W. Risdale..	Bloomsbury	143	21	2	Templ'm'n	
1840	Mr. Robertson..	Little Wonder...	144	17	2	Macdonald	
1841	Mr. Rawlinson..	Coronation.....	154	29	2	Conolly ..	
1842	Col. Anson.....	Attila	180	24	2	Scott.....	
1843	Mr. Bowes.....	Cotherstone	155	23	2	Scott.....	
1844	Col. Peel.....	Orlando.....	153	29	4	Flatman..	
1845	Mr. Gratwicke..	Merry Monarch.	137	31	4	F. Bell....	M. S.
1846	Mr. Gully	Pyrrhus the first	193	27	3	S. Day....	2 55
1847	Mr. Pedley.	Cossack..... ..	188	32	3	Templ'm'n	2 52
1848	Lord Clifden	Surplice.....	215	17	4	Temp.'m'n	2 48
1849	Lord Eglinton....	The F. Dutchman	237	26	4	Marlow...	3 00
1850	Lord Zetland....	Voltigeur	204	24	4	J. Marson..	2 50
1851	Sir J. Hawley...	Teddington.....	192	33	4	J. Marson..	2 51
1852	Mr. Bowes.....	Daniel O'Rourke	181	27	4	F. Butler .	3 02
1853	Mr. Bowes.....	West Australian.	95	28	4	F. Butler .	2 55
1854	Mr. Gully.....	Andover	217	27	4	A. Day.. .	2 52
1855	Mr. F. L. Popham	Wild Dayrell....	193	12	4	Sherwood.	2 54½
1856	Admr'l Harcourt	Ellington	213	24	4	Aldcroft ..	3 04
1857	Mr. I'Anson....	Blink Bonny	202	30	4	Charlton..	2 45
1858	Sir J. Hawley...	Beadsman	200	23	4	Wells	2 55
1859	Sir J. Hawley...	Musjid.....	246	30	4	Wells	2 59
1860	Mr. Merry.....	Thormanby.....	224	30	4	Custance .	2 55
1861	Col. Townly....	Kettledrum.....	238	18	4	Bullock ..	2 43

THE OAKS DAY.

This day, second only to the Derby as an important event of Epsom Races, was also celebrated with more than usual *eclat*, on Friday, May 31. The weather continued gloriously fine, but the dusty road *en route* to the course made the journey thither anything but pleasant. Though there was an absence of that crush at the railroad stations that usually attends Derby Day, there was nevertheless no falling off in the average number in attendance to witness the "go" for the "fillies' prize." Silverhair was the first to come out of the paddock, and after her followed Wombat, Queen of the Vale, Vergiss mein-Nicht, and the Babette filly; the others, headed by Brown Duchess, coming out in a body, and Lava, attended by a stable lad on Ellerton to keep her company, last. The cantering past the Stand was narrowly watched by the *cognoscenti*, who soon found out the weak points of some of the competitors, Silverhair receding to 8 to 1 and 10 to 1, and having very few supporters at that price. With the exception of the favor shown to Fairwater and Wombat, there was little change in the prices of the others at starting, Nemisis having slightly the call at the finish.

THE RACE

They were marshalled up to the post at a few minutes after the appointed time, but a most tedious delay occurred, the false starts numbering something like a dozen. Each time Couleur de Rose, Nemesis, Gabriel d'Estrees, Tattoo, and Caller Ou!, got well away, but Sam Rogers evinced a great disinclination to bring the Babette filly up, as he turned her round nearly every time Mr. M'George dropped the flag, while Goater wanted to be too far ahead with Couleur de Rose. At length they were got in a line, and at the word "go," a beautiful start was effected, Caller Ou! taking a clear lead on the upper ground, attended by Nemesis, Tattoo, Fairwater, Lady Ripon, and Gabrielle d'Estrees; Silverhair, Brown Dutchess, and Vergiss, lying in the middle, and Wild Wave, and Sister to Avalanche bringing up the rear. At the top of the hill, Fairwater passed Nemesis, Lady Ripon, and Tattoo, and went on second; the Babette filly coming through, and lying about sixth, in company with Queen of the Vale, Brown Duchess, and Silverhair, the first of this lot to give way being Tattoo, who retired among the ruck, Nemesis taking third place at the Mile Post. Shortly afterwards, Caller Ou! gave way to Fairwater, Nemesis, and Lady Ripon, and went on fourth, the lot running thus round the turn into the Straight, White Wave being tailed off by this time an immense distance. Just after crossing the road Nemesis was beaten, and Silverhair took her place, Fairwater continuing to lead to the distance, attended closely by Lady Ripon, Caller Ou!, Silverhair, and Brown Duchess, the last named coming out but a few strides further, and getting up to Fairwater, heading her at the Stand, and winning after a splendid race with Lady Ripon, by a neck, Fairwater finishing a length from the pair. Silverhair was fourth, beaten three lengths from the third, and at a wide interval came Wombat, Caller Ou!, Queen of the Vale, and Tattoo close together, and Gabrielle d'Estrees, Nemesis, and Vergiss-mein-Nicht next, the remainder coming home in straggling order, Sister to Avalanche and Wild Wave walking in last. Net value of the stakes, £4550. Run in 2 mins 44 secs.

SUMMARY OF THE RACE.

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft; for three year old fillies, 7st 7lb each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes; the last mile and a half of the New Course. (171 subs.)

Mr Saxon's Brown Duchess, by Flying Dutchman, out of Espoir, 8st 7lb.....L Snowden 1
* Mr Harrison's Lady Ripon, by Stockwell, out of Mary Aislabie, 8st 7lb.....Bullock 2
Mr Cartwright's Fairwater, by Loup Garou, out of Boomer, 8st 7lb.....J Osborne 3
Mr Fleming's Nemesis, by Newminster, out of Varsoviana, 8st 7lb.....J Mann 0
* Mr H O Hara's Tattoo, by Rataplan, out of Fandango's dam, 8st 7lb.....J Snowden 0
* Mr W I Anson's Caller Ou!, by Stockwell, out of Haricot, 8st 7lb.....Challoner 0
Lord Ailesbury's br f, by Wild Dayrell, out of Midia, 8st 7lb.....Withington 0
Lord Chesterfield's filly, by Stockwell, out of Babette 8st 7lb.....S Rogers 0
Mr H Jones' Eastern Princess, by Surplice, out of Tomyris, 8st 7lb.....Green 0
* Mr James Smith's Wombat, by West Australian, dam by Birdcatcher, 8st 7lb.....Custance 0
Mr T Valentine's Silver Hair, by Kingston, out of English Beauty, 8st 7lb.....Aldcroft 0
Mr Henry's Vergiss mein-Nicht, by Flying Dutchman, out of Forget-Me Not, 8st 7lb.....Fordham 0
Lord Stamford's Lava, by Orlando, out of Vesuvienne, 8st 7lb.....A E wards 0
Baron Rothschild's Queen of the Vale, by King Tom, out of Agnes, 8st 7lb.....Wells 0
Count de Lagrange's Gabrielle D'Estrees, by Fitz Gladiator, out of Antonia, 8st 7lb.....H Grimshaw 0
Mr Capel's Couleur de Rose, by West Australian, out of Maria, 8st 7lb.....J Goater 0
Mr Ingham's Wild Wave, by Wild Dayrell, out of Sister to Nob, 8st 7lb.....E Sharpe 0

Fillies marked thus * are in the St. Leger.

BETTING AT STARTING

7 to 2 agst Nemesis	12 to 1 agst Brown Duchess
4 to 1 — Fairwater	25 to 1 — Vergiss-mein-Nicht
7 to 1 — Babette filly	25 to 1 — Lava
8 to 1 — Gabrielle d'Estress	25 to 1 — Tattoo
8 to 1 — Silverhair	40 to 1 — Queen of the Vale
10 to 1 — Caller Ou!	40 to 1 — Eastern Princess
10 to 1 — Wombat	

PERFORMANCES OF THE OAKS WINNER.

1860, at Epsom Summer, carrying 8st 4lb, won the Two Year Old Stakes, 4 furlongs, by three quarters of a length, beating Walloon, 8st 12lb, second, and Caliban, 8st 7lb, third, three lengths from the second. At Ascot, carrying 6st 10lb, was second, beaten three lengths, was beaten for Queen's Stand Plate, won by Queen of the Vale; same meeting, carrying 8st 8lb, won New Stakes, T. Y. C., by two lengths, beating Wing, 8st 7lb, second, Lisbon 8st 7lb, a bad third; and the following not placed:—C by Wild Dayrell, out of Intimidation, 8st 7lb, Canary, 8st 7lb, Bluestone, 8st 7lb, Dira, 8st 3lb, Sweet Hawthorne, 8st 3lb, f by Stockwell, out of Selina, 8st 3lb, Rouge Dragon, 8st 7lb, c by Newminster, out of Grey Hen, 8st 7lb, Vancouver, 8st 7lb, and c by West Australian, out of Lady Evelyn, 8st 7lb. At Newton, carrying 6st 10 lb, won St. Helen's Purse, for two and three year olds, straight half mile, by a length, beating Doefoot, 2 yrs, 6st 10 lbs, second, Glen Stewart, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb, a bad third, and Colonel Crockett, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb, fourth. At Newmarket July, carrying 7st 2lb, was second, beaten three quarters of a length for All aged Stamford Plate, last six furlongs of B. M., won by Satellite, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb. At Liverpool July, carrying 8st 11lb, was second, beaten by a neck, for Two Year Old Plate, won by Dundee; same meeting, carrying 5st 3lb, was second for All-aged Sweepstakes, one mile, won by Jack Spring, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb; same meeting, carrying 7st 7lb, won Stanley Stakes, for two and three year olds, T. Y. C., by half a length, beating Doefoot, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb, second, and Viatka, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb, a bad third. At Goodwood, carrying 8st 9lb, was not placed for Findon Stakes, won by Dundee. At Reading, carrying 8st 10lb, was fifth for Reading Stakes, won by Conqueror. At Doncaster, carrying 8st 7lb, won Filly Stakes, Red House inn, by two lengths, beating Vergiss mein-Nicht, 8st 7lb, second, Queen of the Vale, 8st 7lb, third, half a length from the second, and Violet, 8st 7lb, fourth; same meeting, carrying 6st 11lb, was fourth for Sweepstakes, won by Lady Clifden. At Newmarket Houghton, carrying 7st 2lb, was second, beaten half a length for All-aged Stakes, 6 furlongs, won by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb — 1861, at Newmarket First Spring, carrying 8st 7lb, was third for the One Thousand Guineas, won by Nemesis. At Epsom Summer, carrying 8st 7lb, won the Oaks Stakes of 4,550 sovs, beating Lady Ripon, Fairwater, and fourteen others.

WINNERS OF THE OAKS.

Yr.	Owner.	Winner.	Sst	S.	P.	Rider	Time.
1779	Lord Derby.....	Bridget	17	12	8	R Goodison	
1780	Mr. Douglas.....	Teetotum	11	11	11		
1781	Lord Grosvenor.	Faith	16	6	6		
1782	Lord Grosvenor.	Ceres.....	22	12	3	Chifney sr.	
1783	Lord Grosvenor.	Maid of the Oaks	22	10	3	Chifney sr.	
1784	Mr. Burton	Stella	21	10	3	C. Hindley	
1785	Lord Clermont..	Trifle	24	8	8	J. Bird ...	
1786	Sir F. Standish..	Perdita filly.....	24	13	4	J.Edwards	
1787	Mr. Vernon.....	Annette	24	8	3	Fitzpatri'k	
1788	Lord Egremont..	Nightshade	18	7	7	Fitzpatri'k	
1789	Lord Egremont..	Tag	18	7	5	Chifney sr.	
1790	Duke of Bedford	Hyppolita.....	18	12	4	Chifney sr.	
1791	Duke of Bedford	Portia	38	9	4	J.Singleton	
1792	Lord Clermont..	Violante	38	11	4	C. Hindley	
1793	Duke of Bedford	Cœlia.....	37	10	4	J.Singleton	
1794	Lord Derby.....	Hermione.....	31	8	8	S. Arnull..	
1795	Lord Egremont..	Platina	42	11	2	Fitzpatri'k	
1796	Sir F. Standish..	Parasote	42	13	3	J. Arnull..	
1797	Lord Grosvenor.	Nike	31	5	5	Buckle ...	
1798	Mr. Durand.....	Bellissima	31	7	7	Buckle ...	
1799	Lord Grosvenor.	Bellini	24	4	4	Buckle ...	
1800	Lord Egremont..	Ephemera	24	8	8	Fitzpatri'k	
1801	Sir C. Bunbury..	Eleanor.....	18	6	5	Saunders.	
1802	Mr. Wastell	Scotia	17	6	6	Buckle ...	
1803	Sir T. Gascoign	Theophania ...	24	7	7	Buckle ...	
1804	Duke of Grafton.	Pelisse	25	8	8	Clift	
1805	Lord Grosvenor.	Meteora	27	8	8	Buckle ...	
1806	Mr. Craven	Bronze	27	12	4	WEdwards	
1807	Gen. Grosvenor..	Briseis	33	13	3	S. Chifney.	
1808	Duke of Grafton.	Morel	31	10	4	Clift	
1809	General Gower..	Maid of Orleans.	33	11	4	J. Moss...	
1810	Sir W. Girard...	Oriana.....	38	11	3	W. Pierse.	
1811	Duke of Rutland	Sorcery	40	12	3	Chifney ..	
1812	Mr. Hewett.....	Manuella	40	12	3	W. Pierse.	
1813	Duke of Grafton.	Music	44	9	3	Goodison..	
1814	Duke of Rutland	Medora	44	9	4	Barnard ..	
1815	Duke of Grafton.	Minuet	48	11	3	T.Goodison	
1816	General Gower..	Landscape	48	11	3	S. Chifney.	
1817	Mr. Watson.....	Neva	47	11	4	Buckle ...	
1818	Mr. Udny.....	Corinne.....	47	10	3	Buckle ...	
1819	Mr. Thornhill ...	Shoveller	39	10	3	S. Chifney.	
1820	Lord Egremont..	Caroline	39	13	3	H Edwards	
1821	Lord Exeter.....	Augusta	43	7	7	J Robinson	
1822	Duke of Grafton.	Pastille	42	10	2	H Edwards	
1823	Duke of Grafton.	Zinc	43	10	3	Buckle ...	
1824	Lord Jersey.....	Cobweb	41	13	2	Robinson .	
1825	Gen. Grosvenor..	Wings	50	10	3	S. Chifney.	
1826	Mr. Forth.....	Lilias.....	49	15	3	Lye	
1827	Dk. of Richmond	Gulnare	79	19	2	F. Boyce..	
1828	Duke of Grafton.	Turquoise.....	78	14	2	J. B. Day.	
1829	Lord Exeter.....	Green Mantle ...	77	14	2	Dockeray.	
1830	Mr. Stonehewer.	Variation	77	18	3	G Edwards	
1831	Duke of Grafton.	Oxygen.....	86	21	4	J. B. Day.	
1832	Lord Exeter.....	Galata	83	19	3	Conolly...	
1833	Sir M. Wood	Vespa	97	19	3	Chapple ..	
1834	Mr. Cosby	Mr. Pussy	95	15	3	J. B. Day.	
1835	Mr. Mostyn.....	Queen of Trumps	98	10	10	Lye	
1836	Mr. Scott	Cyprian	98	12	2	Scott	
1837	Mr. Powlett.....	Miss Letty	92	13	3	J. Holmes.	
1838	Lord Chesterfield	Industry.....	98	16	2	Scott.....	
1839	Mr. F. Craven...	Deception.....	95	13	3	J. B. Day.	
1840	Lord G. Bentinck	Crucifix	103	15	3	J. B. Day.	
1841	Ld. Westminster	Ghuznee	118	22	2	Scott.....	
1842	Mr. G. Dawson..	Our Nell.....	151	16	2	Lye	
1843	Mr. Ford	Poison	91	23	2	F. Butler .	
1844	Col. Anson.....	The Princess....	117	25	3	F. Butler .	
1845	Dk. of Richmond	Refraction	128	21	4	H. Bell ...	M. S.
1846	Mr. Gully.....	Mendicant	140	24	3	S. Day ..	2 53
1847	Sir J. Hawley...	Miami	152	23	4	Templ'm'n	2 54
1848	Mr. H. Hill	Cymba	152	26	3	Templ'm'n	2 48
1849	Lord Chesterfield	Lady Evelyn....	172	15	4	F. Butler .	2 56
1850	Mr. Hobson.....	Rhedycina	128	15	3	F. Butler .	2 56
1851	Lord Stanley ..	Iris	131	15	4	F. Butler .	2 52
1852	Mr. J. Scott....	Songstress	123	14	4	F. Butler .	3 00
1853	Mr. Wauchope ..	Catherine Hayes	141	17	4	Marlow...	2 52
1854	Mr. Cookson	Mincemeat	156	15	4	Charlton..	3 00
1855	Mr. R. Read	Marchioness	162	11	4	Templ'm'n	2 58
1856	Mr. H. Hill	Mincepie.....	137	10	4	A. Day ..	3 04
1857	Mr. W. I'Anson.	Blink Bonny	130	13	13	Charlton..	2 50
1858	Mr. Gratwicke ..	*Governess	152	13	3	Ashmall ..	2 53½
1859	Ld. Londesboro'.	Summerside	168	15	4	G Fordham	2 55
1860	Mr. Eastwood ..	Butterfly.....	158	13	4	J Snowden	2 56
1861	Mr. Saxon	Brown Duchess	171	17	4	L Snowden	2 44

* After a dead heat with Admiral Harcourt's Gildermire. Time of deciding heat, 2 minutes 56 seconds.

MR. TEN BROECK AT EPSOM.

The above named gentleman, it will be observed by referring to our reports, was not interested, so far as the entry of either of his horses was concerned, in either the Derby or the Oaks. In some of the minor events, however, he had a "horse in." Umpire giving an exhibition of his powers to go, in two or three, in one of which he proved victor. As, aside from the two principal events, the races in which Mr. Ten Broeck's horses took part are the only ones of interest to American readers, we proceed to give a brief summary of them in the order in which they occur.

TUESDAY, MAY 28.—The Horton (Selling) Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; New T. Y. C; 6 subs.

Mr. Onslow's Southport, by Filbert, 3 yrs, 7st 13lbs, 50 sovs.....G. Fordham 1
Mr. J. Smith's gr c Hedgehog, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb, 50.....Wheatley 2
Mr. Hudson's Revolt, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb, 50.....J. Daley 3
Mr Ten Broeck's Nomad, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb, 50.....G. Parsons 4

Betting: 6 to 5 agst Revolt and 2 to 1 agst Southport. Hedgehog cut out the work over the road, when the others joined him, and the lot ran together to the Stand, opposite which Southport got the best of it, and won a good race by a length, a head separating second and third; Nomad was a bad fourth. The winner was sold to Captain D. Lane for 160 guineas, and goes into Harlock's stable. Run in 1 min 21 sec.

SAME DAY.—The Heathcote Plate of 50 sovs, for all ages; two year olds 5st 12lb, three 7st 10lb, four and upwards 8st 7lb; mares allowed 5lb and geldings 3lb; winners in 1861 5lb extra; half a mile.

Lord Stamford's Little Lady, by Orlando, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.. Edwards 1
Baron Niviere's Baliverne, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb.....J Daley 2
Mr G S mpson's Sister to Morella, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Whitely 3
Capt Christie's Miss Julia, aged, 8st 7lb.....G Fordham 4
Mr Ten Broeck's Santa Claus, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Parsons 0
Mr A Gray's Warrener, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Pearson 0
Mr S Jacobs' Prince Frederic, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Bench 0
Mr Mundy's Bolero, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb.....T French 0
Mr G Newton's Freestone, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb.....J Nightingall 0
Mr Saxon's Trincomalee, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 9lb).....Midgley 0
Mr James Smith's Queen of Spain, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb...W Woodhouse 0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Miss Julia, 5 to 2 agst Little Lady, and 7 to 1 agst Baliverne. The start was delayed a short time by Miss Julia, who was rather fractious. When the flag fell, Baliverne jumped off with a clear lead, followed by Little Lady on the upper ground, and by Sister to Morella and Miss Julia in the centre of the course, the others being soon out of it. Baliverne remained in front to the distance, where Little Lady deprived her of the lead, and won in a canter by six lengths, three lengths separating each of the others placed. The rest were widely scattered. Run in 54sec.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.—The Burgh (Selling) Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; half a mile; 6 subs.

Mr Merry's Gazelle, by Ion out of Calliope (bred in France), 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (40 sovs).....Midgeley 1
Mr John Dawson's Grant, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (40).....Wheatley 2
Mr Ten Broeck's Nomad, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb (40).....G Parsons 3
Mr Hudson's Montebello, 2 yrs, 5st 10 lb (40).....J Daley 4
Capt Christie's Miss Swift, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (40).....Whiteley 0

Betting: 2 to 1 on the Calliope filly and 3 to 1 against Miss Swift. The favorite took the lead soon after starting, and won by half a length; a bad third. Miss Swift bolted towards the opening into the Metropolitan Course at Tattenham Corner, and falling over the ropes, gave her jockey a severe shaking. The winner was sold to Captain King for 255gs. Run in 50sec.

THURSDAY, MAY 30.—The Grand Stand Handicap of 10 sovs each, h ft with 100 added; the last mile and three quarters of the Metropolitan Stakes Course; 28 subs

Lord Lincoln's Lupus, by Loupgarou, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb...Clement † w o
Mr Ten Broeck's Umpire, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....A Edwards † dr
Mr Greville's Amy, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Midgeley 3
Mr Beresford's Bumble Bee, 5yrs, 8st.....G Fordham 0
Mr Saxon's The Monk, 4 yrs, 8st.....L Snowden 0
Mr Payne's Shipwreck 3 yrs, 6st 9 lb.....Drew 0
Mr J Smith's Bayonet, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Wheatley 0
Mr Lowther's Zingaro, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Daley 0
Mr Mellish's Foretop, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Whiteley 0
Mr S Jacob's Dorking, 3 yrs, 5st 9 lb.....Parsons 0

Betting: 4 to 1 each agst Umpire and Zingaro, 6 to 1 agst Lupus, 7 to 1 agst Bumble Bee, 8 to 1 agst Dorking, and 10 to 1 agst Amy. Amy cut out the work, follow

THEATRICAL RECORD.

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W. L. HOBBS,	G. D. CONNORS,	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. ADAMS,	J. H. HILTON,	OLD DAN EMMETT,
	T. J. PEEL,	

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Mes Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Reel Cut Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 2tf

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

This Ever Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of
ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life has made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the Island of Cuba.

List of Artists for 1861.

H. S RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
HARRY LEHR,	WM. BLAKENY,
W. T EMERSON,	J. H. KELLOGG,
M LEWIS,	S MANNING,
J. W ADAMS,	RUDOLPH HALL,
LITTLE BOBBY,	WALLIS REEVES,
J. BURNGESS,	C ELMORE,

B BRAHAM.
Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.
2-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD
BRILLIANT SUCCESS! BRILLIANT SUCCESS!
GORGEOUS CONSTELLATION OF STARS!
STERLING AND IMPOSING NOVELTIES!
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS!
COMIC PANTOMIMES!
SPLENDID BALLETS!
ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS!
IRISH ECCENTRICITIES!
GEMS FROM THE OPERAS!
GRAND AND MAJESTIC TABLEAUX!
A CONTINUED ENTERTAINMENT OF FOUR HOURS DURATION!
A Grand Matinee every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for the accommodation of Ladies and Children, on which occasion no Liquors or Segars will be sold, or allowed to be used in the Theatre.
The management has great pleasure in announcing an engagement with
MR ALBERT BRAHAM,
The great English Robusta Descriptive Tenor Singer.
Who will make his first appearance on Thursday evening, June 20, in a variety of songs never before sung in this country.
ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts. | Family Circle.....12 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....50 cts. | Private Boxes.....$4 00
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee.
6tf MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 444 444 BROADWAY.
Grand Change of Performance. Several New Acts. All Attractive Features
MISS JULIA AUSTIN
MISS JULIA AUSTIN.
The highly accomplished and talented Vocalist.
NEW BALLETS BY PAUL BRILLANT
Viz:—
SPIRIT OF THE NORTH,
SPIRIT OF THE NORTH,
THE MANTELLA, THE MANTELLA,
THE MANTELLA, THE MANTELLA,
and SAILORS' FESTIVAL.
SAILORS' FESTIVAL.
W ARLINGTON'S ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY.
CHARLEY WHITE'S UNAPPROACHABLE NEGRO VARIETY.
BOB HART'S SONGS AND DANCES
BILLY QUINN'S ETHIOPIAN ECCENTRICITIES.
M'LLE. CLARA. M'LLE. CLARA.
SAM LONG.
SAM LONG.
JENNY ENGEL. JENNY ENGEL.
AND THE GREAT BALLET COMPANY.
10 CHARLEY WHITE, Acting Manager.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
STAR TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION,
Will fulfil engagements during the months of June, July and August, at the
Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia,
Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and the
Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
9-tf Proprietors.

GREEN STREET THEATRE, ALBANY,
CAPT. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.
Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at this house on Monday evening, June 3d, on which occasion she will appear with her highly trained horses, in the beautiful drama of Mazeppa. In the repertoire of Miss Menken the following pieces are included:—

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,	COURT OF GARIBALDI,
THE FRENCH SPY,	DICK THE NEWSBOY,
JENNIE DIVER.	SMIKE,
FEMALE BUCCANEER,	WIZARD SKIFF,
THREE FAST WOMEN, [8-1t*]	FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B L FACKARD.....Treasurer
W. BORDWELL.....Stage Manager
NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 6-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS
Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the Summer the company will visit the principal cities in the Canadas and Eastern States, commencing in Montreal, at
MECHANICS' HALL,
Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.
6 LON MORRIS, Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
(Late Newark Theatre,) NEWARK, N. J.
JOHN McCARTHY.....Proprietor.
THOMAS McCARTHY.....Treasurer.
G. F. ORRIN.....Stage Manager.
MODEL MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
SONGS, DANCES, OPERATIC BURLESQUES,
GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIMES, &c., &c.
Admission..... 13 cts. | Dress Circle.....20 cts.
Performers of acknowledged talent can always meet with good engagements by applying as above. 6 tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE
Stage Manager..MR J. DOWLING. | Treasurer.....MR HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats..... .....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

TILLY HAYNES' HALL OF MUSIC,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON TROUPE, OF PHILADELPHIA,
(En Route to Boston.)
This Mammoth Ballet Troupe of Fifty-four persons, will appear in this city, at the above Hall
ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th, 1861,
And every Evening during the week, and on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 22d.
This establishment will furnish an entertainment which has received the unqualified endorsement of the Philadelphia press, and consists of
THE LARGEST,
MOST VERSATILE AND
TRULY ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION,
ever presented to the American public, embracing as it does, the very best talent in the country, in every department of polite amusement. The finest vocalists, the best dancers, the most eccentric Ethiopian performers and best pantomimists ever congregated in one exhibition. The Manager has peculiar satisfaction in announcing to the people of Springfield his immense amount of talent. The Ballet Troupe consists of
TWENTY-FIVE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES!
Led by M'LLE. MILLE FOWLER, the most classic dancer of the day, assisted by MISS KITTY BLANCHARD, forming a galaxy of Beauty and talent unsurpassed at the present day.
The Ethiopian Comedians include such names as A. J. Leavitt, author of "The Rugged Path," and many of the most popular "black sketches" of the day; Danny Gallagher, "the boy with the auburn hair;" J. K. Campbell, who cannot be excelled or even equalled in his "Essence;" J. Mulligan, the original "Old Bob Ridley," and others of merited prominence in the profession. In the Terpsichorean and Pantomimic departments, are Mons. J. B. L. Szpolosy; H. Calladine, formerly with the Ravels; and H. F. Stone, late of the Martinetti Troupe. In the Musical department are MISS H. O. LALANDE, mezzo soprano,
MISS JULIA MORTIMER, Contralto,
MISS IDA DUVAL,
MAST. GEORGE GERMAIN, Tenor; and
GEO. EDESON.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. The Melodeon Cornet Band, led by Prof. Ritter, will play some favorite airs from the balcony on the Hall, a quarter of an hour previous to each entertainment.
Admission to Orchestra seats, 50 cents. To the Gallery, 25 cents.
There will be a GRAND MATINEE given on Saturday afternoon, June 22d, for Ladies and Children. Doors open at 1 o'clock. To commence at 2 o'clock. FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.
A. S PRENTISS, Business Agent. 10-1t

THE BEAUTY OF MINSTRELSY.—During the present war times, some minstrels have gone to Canada, others to the far West; some "go down," down to Dixie; others again are off for England; while more "close for repairs," or settle down to wait for better times. Last of all, some organize, and call themselves "The Original New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe," and travel through Portland, Me., St. John's, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., and there and there go up in a balloon. But the great popular Double Minstrel Troupe of Artists, and the most substantial organization in the profession is still in the field, moving on firmly, and is the only travelling troupe in the country that can stand the pressure. Dupree & Green's Original New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe and Brass Band are just returning from a very expensive and successful tour of eleven months, and have during that period travelled upwards of ten thousand miles, through the most expensive parts of the country. Wherever this talented and unrivalled troupe appear, they war upon the people with showers of witticism and *soirees* of Ethiopian Minstrelsy, and the people discharge, in return, volleys of quarters and bank notes at the treasurer's office, insomuch that Mr Barras retreats nightly, with his little black box filled to its utmost capacity. The troupe will close its travelling season on July the 4th, previous to which they will visit the following places:—Syracuse, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Norwalk, Danbury, Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Norwich, Conn.; Worcester, Lawrence, Haverhill, Salem, Lynn, Fall River, Mass.; Bristol, Warren, and Providence, R. I.; when the members will rusticate until about the middle of August, preparatory to another season's tour through the States—times permitting, else they sail for Europe. CHAS. H DUPREZ,
10 3t Manager and Advertising Agent.

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(Basement.)
ORIGINAL PALACE CONCERT SALOON.
SINGING, DANCING, ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCE.
THE BEST CONDUCTED PLACE IN THE CITY.
SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.
SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.

WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
FREE	ADMISSION.	FREE
FREE	ADMISSION.	FREE
BROADWAY.	563 563 563	BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.	563 563 563	BROADWAY.
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Corner of Prince street.
Corner of Prince street.
JAMES L. O'CONNOR, Manager,
Y 11* Late Manager of the Volks Garden.

TO MANAGERS.
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
The most versatile artiste in the world!
Having concluded her engagement at the Green Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., will appear at Pittsburgh on the 24th, in her great character of
"MAZEPPA,"
In which she appears lashed to the bare back of her fiery steed,
BELLE BEAUTY,
ascending with lightning speed from the stage to the extreme height of the Theatre. A feat requiring such strength, courage and daring, accomplished by a lady is
LITERALLY UNPARALLELED
in the history of theatricals.
Miss Menken is prepared to produce many of the most daring and thrilling horse-pieces ever brought out in this country. Letters addressed to this office will be forwarded to her. 9

THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
Late Green Street Theatre,
Albany, N. Y.
One of the cheapest places of Amusement in the world.
IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS! IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!!
CONSTANTLY PRODUCED.
Admission 10, 15 and 25 cents.
9-5t* CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
BY
A. S PLIMTON.
AMERICAN HALL,
(Adjoining the House,)
Well fitted for Theatricals, Concerts, &c. 7-5t*

NOTICE.—Having advertised a route for my Summer Season, taking in Ohio, New York, Canada, and the New England States, and having experienced for the past six weeks the dullness of times, also having suffered by loss by death of one of my company, R. H Sutter, I deem it expedient to disband until September 1st, when I shall start again with a full company. All communications on business, addressed to Sam. Pond, my agent, at Adrian, Mich., or to me, JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager and Proprietor, Steubenville, Ohio, will be attended to. [10-1t] Adrian, Mich., June 15, 1861.

WINTER GARDEN.
Brilliant and unparalleled
SUCCESS
Of the most Original Eccentric Artist
OF THE AGE,
MR. SOTHERN.
Charles Gayler as
"AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME,"
☞ Every night till further notice.
N. B.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE, Contortionist, is now open for engagements for the summer season, in theatres, concert halls, etc. Letters addressed to the CLIPPER office will receive attention. 1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by letter. On receipt of $1 I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Bogan's renowned Banjos for sale, and sent to any address on receipt of the money. Prices from $7 upwards. Address
10-1t* J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th street, New York city.

MISS L. RUSSELL'S address is inquired for. She was formerly connected with McLane & Duffield's Theatre, Mobile. A correspondent in Philadelphia wishes to ascertain her present whereabouts. 10

W. H. BROCKWAY, late of Wilson & Morris' Minstrels, is requested to send his address to this office. 10

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker st., N. Y. [5 8t*

☞ We have letters for Norm. P. Hubbard; Frank Wyatt, (California letter;) T. Allston Brown; W. R Derr, actor and equestrian; Jim Riley; Byron Christy; and Frank Beach.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 17, 1861.

The heated term we are enjoying has a dissolving effect upon the places of amusement now open, for the *habitues* prefer to sweiter out of doors rather than be roasted in the auditorium of a play house. Since last we held discourse with our readers, theatrical business has experienced a "lower deep," and the end is not yet reached. Rumor is busy with her thousand tongues concerning the dispositions and entrenchment of professionals during the next campaign. Stars of greater or less magnitude are here, exchanging notes with managers of equal brilliancy, and entering into engagements to "shine so bright" when the sere and yellow leaf proclaims the advent of those melancholy days, the autumnal season, so beautifully spoken of by the poet. Meteors of lesser light are also here, with one eye on the brighter constellations, and the other dogging the footsteps of those who are dressed in a little managerial authority, in the hope of being recognized at the proper moment. And then again have we "the people," the "common stock," as they are called, but who, in reality, are the workers, and without whom no establishment can succeed. They, too, are waiting their chances, to catch the eye of the managerial *posse comitatus*, and then to pour into their ears the poor and needy tale of "old men" and "women," of "walking gentlemen," and men of "general utility," in search of "business" for the approaching season. But managers stand aloof, and hold their hush, for they still scent the battle afar off, and wait the clash of arms, and the loud shout of victory for the Union, ere they make final arrangements for the coming times. Some few engagements have been made, and stars are slowly making up their books. Oh! Time, Time, thou cheat of human bliss, roll on, and give us a peep into futurity—show us that the great battle for the Union has been won, that treason and rebellion have been crushed, that the American Flag floats alike over every section of the Union as it was and as it will be till time shall be no more. That these things must, and will be, is but a question of time; already the rebel forces are becoming demoralized—they see the trap their traitor leaders have placed them in—their food and raiment are growing smaller, and less beautiful day by day. Soon they will resume their allegiance to the old government, and stand by the stars and stripes as in days of old. And when peace shall once more bless the land, what an era of prosperity will dawn upon us! Our good old pilot, Gen. Scott, is gradually closing his grasp upon the traitors, and it cannot be long ere that grasp will tighten on the rebel crew, and crush them out of existence forever. There be land pirates and there be water pirates; and they will all soon reach the end of their tether. In the meantime, everything must continue to experience the sad effects of the rebellion, but the general prosperity which will attend the country when peace is secured, will more than atone for all we may have suffered. All hands clear the stage for action. Ting-a-ling a-ling.

And up goes the curtain at the Winter Garden, the performance being "Our American Cousin at Home." Business *looks* pretty fair here, but whether the attendance is founded on a "paper" currency, or whether the auditor is a legitimate "payee," we are not supposed to know. It would give us much pleasure could we believe that, in the respectable audiences we meet at the Winter Garden, there is "money in it." On Tuesday, 18th, Mr. Blake is announced to make his last appearance. "Bully for him." It would have been better had he never appeared as Binney, for he made a terrible bungle of it, and lowered himself several degrees in the estimation of his friends. He will not be so well liked in future, no matter where, or in what pieces he may appear. Binney turns out to have been a very bad joke for Blake.

At Irving Hall, on the 13th inst., Mrs. Page gave a reading, but the *debutante* turned out to be anything but a well-read page, and the lady will have to turn over a new leaf if she hopes to succeed in that line of business.

Mr. Eddy closed a two weeks' engagement at the New Bowery on the 15th. Had business warranted it, he would have been "retained," as the lawyers say, for a longer period. Tragedy having been tried, in the balance, and leaving but a small balance in the treasury, comedy will next take its turn. Mr. F. S. Chanfrau having been engaged for a brief period. We hear it rumored that Lieut. Fox, the absent manager, will shortly return to New-York on furlough. Won't there be a high old time, and a jolly big crowd at the New Bowery when he appears!

The manager at one of the Broadway concert saloons says that "the private boxes are as select and exclusive as a home parlor." Rather rough on the home parlors, isn't it? He also says that "a greater degree of *uninterrupted pleasure* can be had there than at any other place of amusement in New-York." It must be a gay shanty, that.

There has been a considerable falling off in patronage at Laura Keene's. On the 11th inst. we were present, and the house was very bad. Some nights there could not have been more than three hundred persons present. Mrs. W. H. Leighton, who has recently returned from New Orleans, where she performed with Owen's company, has been engaged by Laura, and will probably make her first appearance there this evening. *Mrs* Leighton did *not* join the "Cocktail Guards." *He* did. On the 15th, there were not more than two hundred persons in the house. Gosh!

There is to be a sort of "Happy Family" entertainment given at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Florence are the happy parties most directly interested in the success or failure of the enterprise, and two such couples ought surely to make a "go" of it.

Niblo's Saloon, last occupied by Lloyd's Minstrels, is still "closed for repairs." Lloyd and his men have disbanded; the former, probably, going it alone, while his men are scattered about in different localities, some singing in concert saloons, and others in minstrel bands. Lloyd at one time had a splendid company, but he did not know how to manage the business, and he got swamped. We do not anticipate that he will endeavor to "renovate" the concern at the "close of the war." Men with "secession proclivities" will be permitted to retire on furlough for an indefinite period.

Barnum has rather a rough time of it just now. He doesn't see a good opening for a sensation, and he pines in solitude o'er the unhappy condition of the country in general, and curiosities in particular. "What Is Is?" are of no account any longer; the Lightning Calculator was counted out some time time ago, and Albinoes are entirely lost sight of in the interest manifested by the people in the real mokes, pure and unadulterated. The monster snakes are more sluggish than ever; while the quarrelsome monkey in the Happy Family collection forgets his cunning in the "general stagnation" in trade. Even the young ladies, who used to turn out so strong on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, now absent themselves from the Museum, for the soldier is more attractive metal for the "fairest of the fair." If something does'nt soon turn up, we fear that Barnum may relapse into another Yankee clock enterprise. This week we are to be favored with, or imposed upon by—as the case may be—a patriotic drama called "The Patriot's Dream." There's many a patriot in our army down in Old Virginia now dreaming of roast beef, chicken pie, porterhouse steak, plum both, and tapioca hard, only to wake up to the reality of fat pork, salt junk, and biscuit hard. Ah! ah! as the rebels say, "we may be happy yet," and then Barnum will be all hunk again. Till then, "let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears, while we all sup sorrow with the poor; there's a song that will linger forever in our ears, Oh! hard times, come again no more. 'Tis the sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave, 'tis the wail that is heard upon the shore; 'tis a dirge that is murmured around the soldier's grave, Oh! hard times, come again no more." Thus sings the poet—now let us go it on something else.

Mark Smith, and Mr Leighton, of Mr. John Owens' New Orleans Varieties military organization, were in town last week.

Palace Garden, under the management of Mr. De Forrest, will open for the summer season on the 1st of July. Palace Garden has, up till the present time, been occupied by volunteers preparing for the war.

Miss Julia Austin is one of the new attractions engaged at American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway. W. Arlington, Essence of Old Virginny, has been added to the company.

Niblo's Garden is fast being "renovated." The upholsters are now at work, and new carpets are being put down. We have not yet learned who, if any one, has been "favored" with the lease. Times are too shaky for a manager to risk the exhorbitant rent demanded by Mr Stewart.

The minstrel, Prendergast, returned from the wars last week, and spent "one night only" with his old friends, Bryants' Minstrels. Prendy came to attend to some business, but returned to Washington on the 15th.

The "Olympic" is turned into a free concert saloon ere it has lived a month. Possibly it will pay better now than it did before. The company is pretty good, but not seeing any bills we cannot enter into particulars. Under this is another called the Marble Concert Room, and here Signor Groesini sings his gems from the operas, being an old band at the biz in the Royal Opera at Milan, from whence he came here to seek an asylum under the stars and stripes of America. Good boy, old man! The "Marble" is also free.

The great Hernandez has been performing his "impalement" feat of throwing knives at a fellow standing with his back to a board, as a target. This is a wonderful trick, but it would require "a mighty dale of nice consideration" on our part before taking such a position. Strange nobody gets hurt. Eva Brent sings "Our good ship sails to-night" every evening with great success. The knife-thrower and Gentle Eva are both at the Canterbury.

The Crystal Palace Concert Hall, 45 Bowery, has a company of really excellent performers. We dropped in Friday night expecting nothing but Dutch and French artists, but were agreeably surprised to find the popular favorites Madame and Mons. Montanari, whose engagement at the Canterbury with such success, rendered it a matter of surprise to find them here. They even do better than they did on Broadway, and throw more of the comic in their duets. Miss Gus Walby, too, is another old favorite from the Paza, and an extra finish is observable in her case. Don't she kick high, though? Miss Laura Le Claire, the Yankee Gal of 444, acts, sings, and dances the Essence, done up in black. O Laura, Laura, why did you secede? Josh Hart and J. Riley, Irish-niggers, are quite smart, and have been here some time. Signor and Signora Constantine, leaders of the ballet, will be known by most readers as prime articles. A number of other good ones in their different acts appear nightly, and the feature of the place is that there are no female waiters—consequently the audience is like a theatre, composed of men, women, and children. The price of admission is only six cents, and they give a good four hours performance.

On Thursday evening June 13, Bryant's *bijou* of a Minstrel Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the fair sex present being unusually numerous. The occasion was the appearance, "for one night only," of the former tenor of the Bryant troupe, T. B. Prendergast, now Lieutenant Prendergast, of the 71st Regiment New York Volunteers. Before the performance of the last piece, the gallant Lieutenant made his appearance, and was greeted with a perfect *furore* of applause. He favored the audience with the song of "Vive la America," in his old style, which was rapturously encored, but the Lieutenant excused himself, and being called upon for a speech, responded with a few remarks expressive of his gratification on being able once again to be with his friends. As he was in the act of leaving the stage, Dan Bryant came on, and acting as a sentinel *pro tem*, he interposed the obstacle of a bayoneted musket, and calling upon the Lieutenant to "stand," demanded the countersign. The Lieutenant not being posted on the "order of the night," replied, "Friend, without the countersign." Dan said that was "played out" but afterwards he relented, and leaving his post, he went for the "order of the night," with which he returned, the same being neither more nor less than a handsome testimonial in the form of a beautiful gold medal, which was presented to Lieut. Prendergast as a mark of esteem, from his particular friends, the Bryant Minstrels, the presentation being made by the portly, good looking treasurer, who discharged the duty in the most efficient manner. The Lieutenant responded in language expressive of his high sense of the honor paid him, and then retired, amidst the cheers of the audience. Altogether, it was quite an event in the history of the troupe, and one that reflected great credit on all the parties concerned. On the medal was the following inscription:—"Bryant's Minstrels, to their late associate, T. B. Prendergast, Seventy first Regiment, New York State Militia, to mark their appreciation for his gallantry, as first in the first engagement in the defence of the stars and stripes. New-York, June 13, 1861." On the reverse side were the words, "*Pro Virtute Bellica*," underneath which was an engraving of troops landing from a small boat.

Albert Braham, the celebrated tenor of the English concerts, has been engaged by Mr. Butler for the Broadway Music Hall, and will appear for the first time on the evening of the 19th inst.

Tom Thumb and suite closed their entertainments here on the 14th; and on Saturday evening, 15th, the troupe took passage on the steamer Commonwealth, for Stonington, where they appeared on the 17th. From thence they go to Mystic Bridge, Conn., showing on the 18th; thence to Westerly, R. I., 19th; Providence, 20th, 21st, and 22d.

Miss Eva Brent, a charming young vocalist, and of whose abilities we have made frequent mention in these columns, is singing at Canterbury Hall. Among the ballads given by this lady is that entitled "Our Good Ship Sails to Night," written by our friend Stephen Massett, Esq. By the way, we notice that this song is attracting a great popularity, and is sung in the theatres, concert rooms, and minstrel halls in all the principal cities. At the Winter Garden, Mrs. Frank Chanfrau introduces it in Mr. Sothern's new play.

Howard Paul is expected to arrive in this city in the next steamer. Howard has made a name and fame in the old world, and we trust he will not be forgotten "when old friends meet together."

W. H. Wilder, a young actor from San Francisco, is in this city, unengaged. He is said to be quite talented.

An organization called the "Charley White Minstrel Association," has recently been introduced to our notice. The object of the association is to study the minstrel profession, in all its shades, and when that object has been attained, the members can join some regular band. The association is named in honor of one of the pioneers of the present style of minstrelsy. The party organized with eight members, but when the President's proclamation was issued, five of the number volunteered to assist in protecting the Capital. The initiation fee is two dollars, and a small fee each week is charged to defray expenses. J. C. Cross is President, and John Kirkwood treasurer.

W. A. Christy has arrived in this city. His company is still in Canada.

At the Broadway Music Hall, late Wallack's Theatre, several talented additions have been made to the company, such as will still further add to the attractions of the establishment. Among them are J. Pilgrim, dramatist and actor; J. O Sefton, the well known comedian; and Mr. Albert Braham, the popular tenor singer from the English concerts, whose vocalizations will, doubtless, prove quite a card.

On Saturday evening, 22d inst., a "grand operatic concert" is to be given at the Academy of Music, in aid of the regimental fund of the "United States Guard," late British Volunteers. As this will be an opportunity for the community to show their patriotism, with amusement to themselves, in which they will get "*quid pro quo*," we hope it will be largely patronized.

Don Santiago Gibbonoise, contortionist, has just concluded an engagement in this city, and is now open for future operations.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Spalding & Rogers' "Great Railroad Circus" gave an exhibition at Utica on the 15th inst.

The "Old Utica Brass Band" gives a concert in that city on the 20th inst.

"Adelphi," our recent racy theatrical correspondent at Pittsburgh, Pa., has dropped the pen, and buckled on the sword, and attached himself to the Friend Rifle Guard of that city. The company forms a portion of Sickles' Brigade, and is now quartered at Camp Scott, Staten Island. We hope that in his particular case the old adage may be reversed, and that the sword may prove mightier than the pen. At all events, if "Adelphi" cannot, like Sampson of old, slay the enemy by thousands, he can pen them up, and we don't know but that will be equally as good.

At Fort Crittendon, Utah, on the 4th of May, Willis and Crawford's Dramatic Company gave a performance consisting of "Beauty and the Beast," and "My Young Wife." The company consists of Messrs Willis, Crawford Raymond, Ball, Bradley, Butterworth, Albert Jones; Miss Miller, Mrs De Cecile, and Mrs. Lougee. Admission, 50 cents; reserved seats $1 00.

Mr. Neafie, at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, opened on the 10th in Macbeth; 11th, Hamlet; 12th and 13th, Corsican Brothers; 14th, Jack Cade; 15th, Richard III. This week he is to produce the five act Tragedy entitled "Valmonde, the Merchant of Calais." Business improving.

Frank Rivers has made quite a hit with his travelling company. In New Haven, where he first opened, the business was splendid; and in Hartford, where he gave performances last week, his company did the best business ever accorded in that place to a travelling troupe, and on some nights people were actually turned away, there being no room to accommodate the surplus throng that sought admittance. This week they are in Springfield, Mass., and everything gave evidence that a big business would also be done there. The entertainments given by Frank Rivers' Troupe are so decidedly novel and pleasing, that it is no wonder they meet with such patronage. The Grand Union March, by seventeen young ladies, led by Miss Kitty Blanchard, dressed in red, white and blue, carrying shields with the names of the different States upon them, takes immensely in the New England States. It was a dangerous experiment for Frank to undertake to travel with this large company, but thus far he has done more than could have been expected in better times.

The Florence Dramatic Association will give entertainments at South Adams, Mass., on the 21st and 22d inst. Uncle Tom's Cabin is to be the play, with Mrs. D. R. Allen as Topsy, and Miss Amelia Hubbard as Eva.

E. L Davenport's season at the Howard Athenæum terminates on the 22d inst. Mr. Setchell's benefit comes off on the 21st, when Misses Josephine Orton and Annie Clarke will appear. Mr. J. P. Price's benefit takes place on the 19th.

Miss Maggie Mitchell closes her engagement at the Boston Museum this evening, 17th inst., the occasion being the benefit of her sister, Miss Mary Mitchell.

Mr. Crouts, prompter at the Boston Museum, takes a benefit on the 21st, when Mr. Wyzeman Marshall lends his aid. On the 18th, for Mrs. Vincent's benefit, a young lady is to make her first appearance on any stage, appearing as Juliana, in the Honeymoon. This will be Mrs Vincent's farewell to the Boston stage.

Mr. Edwin Adams is to play a brief engagement at the Boston Museum, opening in Macbeth on the 24th.

Miss Cushman appears at Hartford, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th. Mrs. Barrow's company supports her. The company then open as the 20th at New Haven, where Miss Cushman begins a week's engagement on Monday, the 24th inst.

Hopper & Williams have started a concert saloon in Adrian, Mich. Sam Posterfield is the jig dancer.

Dan Rice's case still engages attention, and as we gave a communication in our last, tending to set the showman right on the Union question, we have been requested to give a few facts which fasten on Dan the offence of "secession proclivities." Our correspondent states that he has taken pains to get at the truth, and his investigation convinces him that all that was alleged against Rice was strictly true. A man who was with Dan in New Orleans says, that Dan was organizing a company called "Dan Rice's Zouaves," and when this employee refused to sign the roll on the ground that he was a Northern man, he was told that the sooner he went North, the better it would be for him. Another person, while in New Orleans, says that one night, while the company were giving a performance, a list of the different members of the "Varieties Theatre Company" was handed in for the showmen to sign; but, unfortunately for them, but one man signed. The next day Mr. Rice thought they had better get up a company on their own hook. A meeting was held, and speeches made by Dan Rice and Dr. Jones, stating the object of the meeting, with an occasional Southern sentiment. Resolutions were drawn up and passed, and it was agreed to form a company to be known as "Dan Rice's Zouaves;" that they should tender their services to the State of Louisiana, to be in readiness any moment to fight for the Southern Confederacy; it went on to say how the slave States had been abused, etc. All signed, we are sorry to learn, but Charley Noyes and Fred. A Jones, who were frequently talked with on the subject, but who "couldn't see it." It is further said that Mr. Rice had copies of the proceedings published and distributed along the route. One of the principal men in organizing the company, and expressing his feelings for the South was Archy Campbell. From this *exposé*, we can come to no other conclusion than that Dan Rice was a secession man in the South, and an "opposition" in the North. We have aided in giving Dan Rice a favorable hearing, in hopes that he might make a clean case of it, and show that he was a Union man everywhere; but we incline to the opinion, based upon good authority, that the Union was ignored in the South. If we have taboo'd the "Cocktail Guards" of John Owens, we must do the same with "Dan Rice's Zouaves." If possible, we will give a list, in a future number, of those who signed the secession roll of Dan Rice. If we are wrong in our remarks, time will set us right, but truth must triumph in the end, as truth and justice are triumphing over treason and rebellion in the South.

A correspondent signing himself "Frank" gives us the following account of matters and things in the show business at Montreal, C. E., under date of June 14:—On my arrival here on the 8th inst., I found the weather beautiful, but business looks dull, except considerable shipments of grain, &c. I think the war affects business here as well as in the States. Montreal has been plentifully supplied with amusements of late. Morris Brothers Pell & Trowbridge Minstrels played here three weeks. The people of Montreal seem to be partial to people of the burnt cork persuasion, as well as the to be partial to people of the burnt cork persuasion, as well as the originals (colored persons).....Mr Strakosch's opera company gave several entertainments at the Theatre Royal, under the management of Mr. J. W. Buckland.....Alfred Bailey gave several lectures at Bonventure Hall; Subject: "Queer People".....We also have Rhiodon's Mechanical and Pictorial Exhibition of Art.... Monday, June 10th Professor Anderson opened, and is to prolong his stay three weeks, so I understand.....But the greatest novelty of the day is at Guilbault's Zoological and Botanic Gardens. The great living hippopotamus, or ancient "behemoth," from the Zoological Gardens, London; this huge amphibious monster opened on Monday, and continues to draw well. The proprietor has gone to great expense in fitting up a large tank, so that the animal can be seen in his native element. The monster was imported by Mr. G. C Quick, at an expense of $30,000, and is the only animal of the kind ever imported to the United States or Canada, although several unsuccessful attempts have been made. The Hippopotamus is accompanied by a native Arab attendant—Sallmah—who, also, is a great curiosity. We also find, on our entrance to the gardens, Mr. Frank Howe, ready to meet his friends and receive the (*treat sous*)

quarters. Frank had the superintendance of bringing the hippopotamus from England, and has the management of him at present. Visitors also have a chance to see Guilbault's great collection of wild animals, birds, &c. In the gardens is a complete gymnasium, swings, aerial boats, cricket grounds, &c., also, a first-rate refreshment room, under the superintendance of Mr. Wilson, in fact, this is one of the most delightful places for a day's recreation. It is surprising to me that some enterprising American does not start a place of this kind in New York.....Next week we have G. F. Bailey's French and American circus here at the gardens, for three days, and I think they will be well patronised.

The Theatre at Utica, N Y, closed on the night of the 11th inst. the performance being for the benefit of the Volunteer Fund.

Gardiner and Hemmings' Circus will exhibit at Quakertown, Allentewa, and Boyertown, Pa., on the 17th 18th and 19th inst.

Mr. and Mrs Howard Paul, after giving a few entertainments at Birkenhead and Southport, Eng., during the week ending June 8th, were to take their departure for the United States.

During the week ending June 1st, John Brougham succeeded Chas. Mathews and opened in "Romance and Reality"

Mr Chas Pitt's season at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, Eng., terminated on the 24th ult

At Dublin, Ireland, there is a band of minstrels performing bearing the title of 'Dixie's Minstrels."

Dion Bourcicault and his "Colleen Bawn" were still at the Adelphi, London, Eng.

Mr. and Mrs Chas Matthews were to open in the "Overland Route" at the Haymarket, London, Eng., sometime during the week ending June 8th

Christy's Minstrels, at last accounts, continued successful at London, Eng., their card being W Brough's travestie version of the opera of "The Bohemian Girl." Messrs Collins, Rainford and Wilson appear in the principal parts. Mert Sexton and G. W. Moore continue to be great favorites.

Yankee Bierce is engaged at the New Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng.

Miss Julia Daly, during the second week of her engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, Scotland, played to rather slim audiences. Miss Daly was afterwards engaged for the summer season at Glasgow, to open in "Our Female Cousin," on the 3d inst.

Charles Kean appeared at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, Eng, on the 27th ult, and was followed by James Anderson, on the 28th.

John Drew was still playing the "Colleen Bawn," at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng. Business was good.

Charley Backus, of Ethiopian celebrity is the present star at the Continental Opera House, Baltimore.

The Baltimore Museum opened as a concert room on the 10th inst., under the management of Messrs Cassidy & Bob Butler.

The Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, closed on the 8th inst., to re-open June 17th, with Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels. On the 7th inst, was presented for the first time in many years, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," Stuart Robson and J. S Clarke appearing as the "Two Dromios"

Our correspondent "Seneca," writing from St. Louis, Mo., under date of June 8th says—"The hard times among those who gain their bread by catering amusements for the public seem to have become chronic.....Talbot & Edward's Minstrels done but a light business during the week ending June 8, at the St. Lou's Theatre, having reduced the price to 75 cents for a lady and gentleman to the dress circle, and even that has failed to move the masses.....At the Museum, A. H. Davenport, Bob McClannin, McManus, and Smith; with Fanny Brown. Miss Lewellyn, and Lizzie Maddern, are doing a fair business in the genteel comedy way, while the stuffed birds are as pretty, and the "Great Zeuglodon" zeuglodes as hard as ever, and all are to be seen for 25 cents or 50 cents if you would "sit forenicst the railing".....At the Gaieties, business is only so so ish and this closes the list I believe of all our licensed places of amusement. St. Louis is played out as to the show business, and nothing short of a circus could now make a cent. Horse opera always draws. Mabie's Menagerie in conjunction with Nathan's American Circus, showed at Detroit, on the 7th and 8th.

Harry Linden, of the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, retired from the management of the same on the 7th inst. Sam Ryan leased the house for one week to play the Denin Sisters there.

Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit is doing a fair business. Kate Partington commences there on the 18th inst. Miss Ernestine De Father is re-engaged at Beller's.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, was represented at the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich, on the 8th inst., it being the "wind-up" of the season. The Company go to Canada. Sam Ryan, Mrs Kate Denin Ryan and Harry Hotte appeared.

Spalding & Roger's Circus will show at Clyde, Lyons, and Palmyra, N. Y., on the 22nd 24th and 25th insts., also at Rochester on the 26th and 27th inst They are making tracks for Canada as fast as possible.

John Sloan, the well known actor and theatrical manager, died at Liverpool, on the 26th of May, at the age of forty nine years. He was born in Liverpool, where he afterwards became an actor, and eventually manager of the amphitheatre in that city For five years he was manager of the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, of which he had a complete monopoly, caused by the destruction by fire of the Theatre Royal. He then undertook the erection of a "Casino" on a large scale, which was not insured, and was destroyed. Going to London, he acted at Drury Lane and the Victoria; and twelve years ago came with Mrs. Sloan to New York, and opened in "His Last Legs," at Niblo's. He afterwards became manager of a Charleston theatre. His last engagement was at Wallack's, in this city.

An Amateur theatrical company, of the Flagship "Nile," at Halifax, N. S, gave a performance at Spring Garden theatre on the 6th inst.

Miss Edith Mitchell closed a successful engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal, on the 15th ult, on which occasion she was the recipient of a benefit, "Judith of Geneva," the third act of "Lucrezia Borgia," and the drama of "Norah Creina" being the pieces performed. On the following night, at the same establishment, "The Count of Monte Cristo" was presented, with the following cast:—Harry Perry in five characters, namely, Edmond Dantes, Henrico, Sinbad the Sailor, a French Abbe, and a travelling agent; J B Booth, as Abbe Faria; Mr. Leman, as Mr. Morrell; Miss Sophie Edwin, as Mercedes; and Mrs H. A Perry, as Haydee The "Seven Sisters" is soon to be produced.

The Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., is being rapidly rebuilt, on the old plan, with the exception, there will be two tiers instead of three. The entrances will be the same as in the old theatre, and it will be furnished and decorated somewhat in the same manner. It is calculated to have it finished about the 4th of July.

Dr. Bassett's United States Circus is now on a tour through California. They performed at Benicia, May 20th; Sonora, 21st; Petaluma, 22d; Santa Rosa, 23d; Healdsburg, 24th; St. Helena, 25th; Napa, 27th; Suisun, 28th; Vacaville, 29th. Connected with the troupe are some of the best gymnastic and acrobatic performers that have ever visited California. Mrs. W. B Aymar makes a grand ascension upon a single wire at an elevation of sixty feet every evening, previous to the performances.

Mrs. Hayne and troupe appeared at Nevada, Cal, on the 11th ult. The Martinetti troupe was also there on the same date.

Mr Stark, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Forbes, opened the San Jose Theatre, Cal., on the 13th ult, to a good house, for three nights

Mrs Julia Dean Hayne, since her engagement with Sherry Corbyn, has been playing engagements in the interior of California, and was to appear in Marysville during the week ending May 25.

The Holman Opera Troupe opened at St Lawrence Hall, Toronto, C. W., on the 11th inst, for five nights.

Charles Dillon took a benefit at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., on the 7th inst G. D. Chaplin appeared there on the 8th.

Duprez and Green's New Orleans Metropolitan Opera Troupe, after performing through the South and West to fair business, will bring their season's labors to a close at Providence, R I., on July 4th, where they intend to "lay off in refreshing coolness" during the "heated term."

At the Summer Hill, Bellevue, O., the domestic drama entitled "Woman," was performed on the 7th inst., Miss Fanny Denham appearing as Rachel Ryland.

Adele Hosmer, vocalist and pianist; and Jacob E Hosmer, will give a vocal and instrumental concert at Town Hall, Lebanon, N. H., on the 18th inst.

Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels closed their second week at the Walnut Street Theatre, on the 15th. Billy Birch and Frank Brower performed with the troupe last week, and greatly added to the interest of the entertainments. The entire company created a very favorable impression in the Quaker City, both as delineators of Ethiopian character on the stage, and in their gentlemanly deportment off the boards But for the war fever, they would have made a big strike; as it was they more than covered all expenses. This week they open in Baltimore.

Situated in Andover, N. H, on the Northern R R, is the house of Potter, the man that done the "Black Art;" a great ventriloquist, and the prince of magicians. In the rear of the house, and in sight of the track, is the spot where he and his wife are buried; it is a beautiful place.

Miss Isabella Hinkley gave a concert in Howard's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 11th inst, to a poor house. Business has been very dull with the lady of late, and her manager, being unable to liquidate all his bills, was arrested in the cars as he was about to leave Providence. Unfortunately and unthinkingly, we presume, he resisted the officer, and was held to answer for the assault. His trial was to have taken place on the 14th. We trust to hear that he made the *amende*, and was discharged.

From a correspondent whom we have reason to believe is reliable, we learn that Miss Charlotte Cushman's performances at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., were not so well attended as had been represented. She played to a $65 house, and her manager, Mr. Barrow, found it necessary to leave quite "unexpectedly," much to the "surprise" of the newspaper folks and others, who will doubtless seek an interview with the gentleman. The Providence people "mourn their loss," and say "somebody is hurt."

Show business is at a stand still in Lebanon, N. H. A good time is looked for on the 4th of July, however, as a centennial celebration is to take place there, and it will be a big thing. A correspondent says a good circus could make two good days there, sure. Bailey's Company are down in Maine, and Wambold & Co's Snow is advertised to spread somewhere else on the 4th. Lent & Co. tie up in Boston, so the Lebanons will be bluffed there again. Who will give New Hampshire a trial on the 3d and 4th?

A correspondent in Halifax, N. S., gives us the following items up to date of June 10th:—"This week Miller, the Magician, has the hall. Harry Ashley, agent for Madame Varian, came on last night, and has effected an arrangement with Miller for two nights this week, Wednesday and Friday.....Madame Fabbri did well at Fredericton, and is now at St John. She sings here June 21st.... Wallace, the comedian, formerly connected with Lanergan's theatrical party, arrived here last night, from Newfoundland. He went there last fall with Lanergan on a twelve weeks' engagement—contract in writing; Lanergan closed his season before the twelve weeks were up; Wallace sues for full amount of salary; Lanergan refuses; and, while on the eve of sailing for the West Indies, is arrested on Wallace's instance. Responsible parties in Newfoundland went security for Lanergan; Wallace remained to fight the case, which was postponed several times on some quibble or other, till the other day, when it was brought to trial, resulting in Wallace's favor, who gets his full salary, and all his expenses, board, &c., for nearly one year, involving Lanergan's backers to the tune of over $1,200. They came on to St. John by last boat to fasten on Lanergan's property there, in the shape of his theatre building."

The Dexter Brothers were announced to give an outside show at Halifax, N. S, on the 17th, the rope ascension being arranged to take place across the parade ground, from the top of Dalhousie College to St Paul's Church, about 80 feet in height, and 700 feet in length. After closing their performances at Halifax, they go to the French island of St. Petres, and thence to Newfoundland, where they expect to remain some months. They are having a rough building put up there, 70 feet long, 40 high, and 40 wide, in which they are to perform.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels opened in Halifax, N. S. on the 3d, and performed through the week to moderate business. On the 13th they sailed for England.

Some splendid baggage wagons are being built in Concord, N. H., for a circus company, whose name we have not been able to learn. There are 25 wagons in all, including one magnificent band carriage, which was used to ride Gov. Berry in, at the recent election there.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels performed in Howard Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 13th, to a fair audience, considering the times. On the 14th and 15th they gave entertainments in New Bedford.

Mad. Anna Bishop is giving concerts in Portland, Me.

Prof Yeagher, at Middleburg, Penn., on the 8th inst., walked on a wire throw across the street from the Court House to the Washington House. A concert was given in the evening.

The Nelson sisters, with their brother, Mr. Alfred Nelson, closed the second week of their engagement at the Madison, Wis., Theatre, on the 15th inst. They had been giving the fairy extravaganza of the "Invisible Prince."

Philo A. Clarke, the well-known agent, has retired from the show business for the present, and is now located at the cozy and cool retreat known as the Savin Rock House, West Haven, Conn., in the capacity of book-keeper. We trust that, when the season is over at the Rock, friend Clarke and his employer may be in the possession of a pocket full of rocks, and the war may have ended at the Point of Rocks, in Virginia, so that Philo's services may be needed in the profession again; for once the war ended, there will be lively times ahead.

The following is a summary of amusements, etc., in London. It is from our correspondent "Wide Awake," and dated London, June 4:—Amusements are all doing well. Colleen Bawn is still turning away people from the Adelphi.....John Drew has made a great hit in it at Liverpool .....The Surrey Theatre closed last Monday night for the season, being the benefit of Mr. Creswick; he was well received by a crowded house; it re-opens under the direction of Mr. Searls .....The rocky Mountain Wenders, Messrs. Fisher, Dunbar, Nicio and Magilton [who has not yet recovered from his accident], have opened Astley's Amphitheatre with a fine company. D Richards is one of their stars—business good. Magilton had a benefit last week, but it was not as good as might have been expected. The Christy's Minstrels, Murray and Holland, the Roman Brothers, volunteered their services. Mazeppa has been produced this week .....At the Royal Italian Opera, Mad'le Adelina Patti, has made a great hit and is drawing crowded houses. The press speak highly of her and pronounce her the greatest artist of the day.....Poor John Sloan died in Liverpool on Sunday May 26th.....Mr. Charles Braham makes his first appearance, as a baritone singer, on Wednesday next, at Mr. Howard Glover's concerts.....David Wambold, the American tenor singer, has arrived here, but is doing nothing as yet; he looks well, and is in fine voice.....The Buckleys are at Sunderland this week, and the African Opera Troupe are at Davenport.. Joe Brown and Billy Burton are with them.....The Savannah Minstrels are at Cremorne—they are doing Billy Patterson, introducing the pulling him up by the neck and the long trousers business, which they got from the Christy's, and yet call it original.....A new party, calling themselves the Ethiopians, consisting of Pete Lawson, tenor singer; Andy Russell, comedian and jig dancer; and Brandon Ledger, the celebrated performer on the concertina, with other artists, are open for engagements in town or country; this company has had the honor of playing in every street in London.....Mr. Washington Norton is doing nothing at present, and has been idle for the last three weeks.....Blondin made a great hit at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday afternoon, June 1st. The Palace is doing a fair business this season; there were 9,000 people to witness Blondin; he makes his second appearance on Thursday. Admission half a crown.....The Christys are still drawing crowded houses; they are playing a new Burlesque on the Bohemian Girl, and it is got up in fine style; the dresses are the same as in the original characters; the plot is very funny, and the cast good.....Leotard, the original flying trapeze, is drawing crowded houses at the Alhambra—his salary is £40 a night..... Murray and Holland are at Cremorne, afternoon and night.....Tom Sayers and young Broome are drawing good houses with Howe & Cushing's Circus

Adah Isaacs Menken concluded a very fair engagement of two weeks, at the Green-street Theatre, Albany, on the 15th. The riding business connected with the piece was done solely by Miss Menken, without the assistance of a double, and this novelty, doubtless, tended to fill the house. In most cases, where Mazeppa is performed even by men, a substitute is engaged to do the riding, but with Miss Menken the case is different; she is lashed on the back of the horse in the presence of the audience, and is kept in view on the different runs. Miss Menken, we understand, will commence an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on Monday next, 24th inst.

The Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, closed on the 15th, when Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels concluded their engagement.

Messrs. Wheatley & Clarke take a benefit and make their final appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, on the 21st.

Mr. Booth closed his five weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 15th inst.

Mr. Lewis Dela, well known as the "Bard of Tower Hall," Philadelphia, died in that city on the 19th inst. His everyday rhymes, written off-hand, gave evidence of great originality, and judgment of human nature.

Col. Wood's Museum of Curiosities was at Adrian, Mich, on the 5th and 6th, doing fairly; thence to Jackson and Kalamazoo.

The Webb Sisters gave two parlor entertainments in Adrian, on the 10th and 11th, and had a good attendance. They open in Chicago on the 17th, at McVicker's Theatre.

Sanford has the field to himself this week, at his Opera House, Philadelphia. In addition to his regular troupe, he has effected an engagement with Charley Backus. Mr. Sanford has done his best to establish a minstrel band in Philadelphia, and probably no other man could have done so well as he has done in the face of such continued opposition as he has met with. But Manager Sanford takes the fat and lean together; is always on hand to greet his brother minstrels, even though they show against him, and treats all with much courtesy, except when they entrench upon his good offices, in a suspicious way. The company now performing at Sanford's Opera House is one of the best, and deserve to be liberally patronised.

The "wild men" commenced at Adrian, Mich., on the 12th inst, for one week. They were at Bidwell's Hall, doing little or nothing.

Robinson & Lake's Circus and Menagerie are to be at Hudson, Mich., 24th; Adrian, 25th; then they go into Ohio. They had been paying expenses, and that was about all. Prospects, however, were brightening, as the farmers were done planting, and soon money will be coming in.

E G. Koeeland, formerly musical director with Johnny Booker's Minstrels, and Burlesque Opera Troupe, has gone to Shullsburgh, Wisconsin. He got married, settled down, and has gone to farming.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

THE AVONITE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will give an entertainment at Dramatic Hall on the 19th inst. Ladies and gentlemen admitted free.

DASTARDLY CONDUCT OF A POLICEMAN.—On Saturday, the 8th ult., Harry Clark was tried in the Special Sessions on the charge of assaulting a police officer with a hammer. Harry formerly was barman for his brother at 189 Laurens street, but in March last went into business for himself on the corner of Fourth and Wooster streets, directly facing Washington Parade Ground, at the Washington House. It appears, some three weeks back, that an officer while in citizen's dress, went to Clark's house, taking with him an officer of a Zouave company, in search of a deserter. It was between 12 and 1 o'clock when they entered, and without stating their business, the "copper" planted his mug against the window of the back room and began to look through the blinds. This being the room where the family slept, a female domestic advanced and inquired what he was looking at; her answer was a blow in the face from the M P. After striking a defenceless woman, this undaunted officer then stated his business, but on finding there were no deserters about, demanded drinks, which were refused by Mrs. Clark, when he violently pushed her aside. The noise had now awakened Harry, (who had retired to bed) and he came out to see what the trouble was He asked the officer who he was and what he wanted. "I'll tell you who I am, you English son of a b——!" and drawing out his club, he gave him a severe blow on the head. Harry, feeling his life in danger, and not knowing who the parties were, rushed behind the bar, seized a hammer, and laid out the ununiformed policeman on the broad of his back. The Zouave then sprang forward, drew his bowie knife, and threatened Harry with instant death if he stirred a peg. The officer, recovering, made another rush at Clarke, but the latter's wife seized his right arm and held on; he, however, changed the club from his right to his left hand, and commenced beating Mrs C. over the fingers to make her let go his arm. The lady called loudly for help, which brought the police, and thus put a stop to what might have terminated in downright butchery and murder. At the trial Harry was acquitted, as a matter of course, but the woman-beater merely got reprimanded. During the trial, which cost Clark considerable money and valuable time, this thing would harass and insult him in every conceivable way. Said he: "I'd give $500 to get square with you!" adding an unmentionable epithet; and once or twice, to irritate him and create distrust amongst his friends, he bullied out: "I want to go through you!" with another choice expletive thus trying to create the impression that Clark was dishonest, if nothing worse. Harry put up with it all rather than knock the ill-mannered brute down, for he knew that was exactly the object this individual had in view. Had Clark struck him, there would have been the devil to pay; for, striking an officer, the Police Commissioners seem to think the greatest of all crimes, although he may have the privilege of beating others, both women and men, until he gets tired or is interfered with by more humane officers.

CRICKET.

SATELLITES VS QUEEN'S COUNTY.—A cricket match between these clubs, was played at Middle Village, L. I., on the 12th inst., the contending parties being second elevens. The Satellites gained an easy victory by one innings. The score:—

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hale c and b Palm	0	b Sammond	0
Moore b Sammond	0	c Gibbs b Brown	15
Johnson b Palm	0	b Palm	4
Dare b Palm	4	c Sammond b Palm	0
Hamer b Palm	1	b Sammond	6
Terwilliger b Palm	0	run out	3
Henderson b Palm	2	b Sammond	17
Wilsey c Brown b Palm	3	c and b Brown	0
W Hamer b Sammond	0	b Palm	2
Folk b Sammond	0	not out	13
Suydam not out	6	b Sammond	0
Bye	1	Bye 1, wides 2	3
Total	17	Total	63

SATELLITE—First Innings.

Philpot c Hall b Suydam	2	Pritchard b Johnson	3
A Hobley b Hamer	9	Booth run out	1
T Sammond b Suydam	13	Gibbs b Suydam	1
Brown b Johnson	15	Pangborn not out	0
Palm b Suydam	7	Byes 7, 1 b 1, wides 21	29
Thompson c Hall b Suydam	2	Total	82
Sands run out	0		

CRICKET AT RACINE, WIS.—A friendly match at cricket was played at the above named place on the 31 inst., between eleven players of the Prairie Club of Chicago, and twenty two players chosen from the students of Racine College. For the following report and score of the game we are indebted to Mr. C. G. Brett, well known to the cricketers of Hoboken as a good professional player, he having taken part in many of the principal events in this vicinity last season. He was engaged by the St. George Club last year, but this season he preferred to ally himself with the Prairie Club of Chicago, with whom he played in this match. The game commenced about 11 o'clock, and was continued (excepting a short adjournment at mid-day) till 7½, P. M., when victory crowned the efforts of the Garden City players, the result being in their favor by seven wickets. When a little more time has been spent by the Racine Club in practice (and they practise daily) the Chicago Club will find them formidable competitors with even equal numbers, and many pleasant meetings are anticipated during the struggle for superiority. The Chicago eleven speak in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality with which they were received and treated by their Racine friends and by the Rev. James De Koven, Rector of Racine College, who evidently holds the manly game of cricket in high repute. The Chicago players returned on Tuesday afternoon, and the club anticipate with much pleasure the return match, when they will endeavor to reciprocate the hearty welcome and hospitable treatment which the eleven met with on the occasion now under notice. Below is the score of the play:—

RACINE COLLEGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Engle b Stewart	9	b Brett	0
Crocker c Brett b Stewart	2	c and b Stewart	0
Brower b Stewart	0	b Brett	6
Doolittle st Stewart b Brett	2	st Stewart b Brett	1
Young st Brett b Stewart	5	b Brett	0
Hawks c Blackney b Brett	4	b Stewart	0
Wall c and b Brett	0	b Brett	3
Spaulding b Stewart	2	st Brett b Stewart	16
Charles b Brett	0	c Blackney b Stewart	1
Burton b Stewart	0	b Brett	6
Verner b Brett	0	b Brett	5
Whitney b Stewart	0	b Brett	1
Bennett b Stewart	0	b Brett	0
Bellam c Brett	0	b Stewart	0
Wright b Brett	0	c Winer b Brett	3
Frisbie b Brett	1	run out	1
Harrison b Chambers	2	b Brett	6
Oaks l b w b Chambers	1	b Howard	3
Fleetwood c Winer b Chambers	0	b Brett	2
Plumer b Chambers	0	not out	0
Brainard b Brett	1	c Howard b Brett	3
Dull not out	2	st Stewart b Brett	4
Bye 1, leg bye 1, wide 1, n b 1,	4	Byes 2, wides 6, no ball 1	9
Total	35	Total	70

PRAIRIE.—First Innings.

Howard b Charles	5	Stinson b Spaulding	7
Leckie c Vernon b Young	5	Blackney b Charles	1
Winer b Young	1	McKeand run out	0
Stewart c Wall b Young	16	Oldershaw not out	2
Brett b Young	14	Byes 2, wides 3,	5
Chambers b Spaulding	21	Total	79
Gregg b Charles	2		

In the second innings of the Prairie Leckie scored (run out) 1; Gregg (run out) 11; McKeand (c Brower b Charles) 0; Stewart (not out) 12; Brett (not out) 4. Total 28.

BALL PLAY.

ATLANTIC CLUB.—The members of this champion club, muster strongly now on their practice days, which are Mondays and Thursdays of each week. They generally open the season's play with a game between their first and second nines, and when the former make their appearance, a game of the kind is played. But it is difficult to get the first nine to turn out in strength, except on occasions when matches are played with other clubs. This should not be so, as it is requisite that every first class club should keep their first nine well practised together. On Monday last the members turned out in strength, and quite a lively and interesting match was had, the score of which was as follows:—

SMITH'S SIDE.			PEARCE'S SIDE.		
NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.
Smith, c	2	5	Pearce, c	4	4
F Seinsoth, p	2	6	R Seinsoth, 1st b	2	4
Sebert, 1st b	3	3	F Seinsoth, p	3	2
Thwaite, 2d b	4	4	A Smith, 2d b	2	6
Parker, c f	2	2	Colyer, r f	5	3
Stermf, 3d b	4	4	Phelps, l f	3	4
Hawkhurst, r f	2	4	Boughton, s s	3	5
Pink, l f	5	1	Start, 3d b	2	5
Oliver, s s	3	3	Davenport, c f	3	3
Total	32		Total		37

Umpire—D. A. Sutton, of the Enterprise club.

BASE BALL AT WOODSTOCK, C. W.—A match game was played on the 31 inst., between the first nine of the Young Canadian club, of Woodstock, and nine players picked from the town of Woodstock. The game was a very close one, the score at the close of the 6th innings standing even. On the 7th innings the Young Canadians, by good batting obtained three runs, and put their opponents out for 0 thereby obtaining the lead, which they kept to the close of the game. This is the first match that has ever been played there on the New York system. The following is the score:—

YOUNG CANADIANS.			PICKED NINE.		
NAMES.	H	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H	L. RUNS
Wood, p	2	2	Clark, p	4	0
Tove, c	3	1	Pascoe, c	3	2
Shuttleworth, s s	3	2	S Wilson, s s	2	2
McWhinnie, 1st b	4	0	J Wilson, 1st b	3	0
Clyde, 2d b	4	0	Graham, 2d b	3	2
Douglas, 3d b	3	1	Phelan, 3d b	3	0
Morrison, l f	2	2	Garner, l f	3	0
D McKay, r f	4	0	Forbes, r f	4	0
Daah, long f	2	2	A McKay, c f	2	1
Total	10		Total		7

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Young Canadian	1	1	1	2	0	0	3	0	2	—10
Picked Nine	1	2	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	—7

Umpire—A. Eaton. Scorers—Messrs J. McKay and G. Wilson.

BASE BALL AT PRESCOTT, C. W.—The Greenville Club, of Prescott, re-organised on the 4th of June last, and have commenced their regular practice, and will be open for all challenges after the 30th of June The officers are as follows:—President, A. Lord; Treasurer, J. Adams; Secretary, J. Stith; Field Captain, E Langhorn. By the good management of the officers, it is hoped they will sustain their old reputation.

AQUATICS.

BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE BENICIA BOY AND PETER SQUIRES.—An aquatic encounter between the above-named boats, for $15 a side, took place at Greenpoint, L I, on the morning of the 11th inst. The first named boat is owned by Mr. Barker and the latter by Mr. Wool. The start occurred at nine o'clock, A M, the distance being five miles out and home. For some time they kept pretty evenly together, neither boat appearing to gain any great advantage. The Benicia Boy presently summoned all her "muscle" to her aid, shot ahead of her competitor when within about a mile of the stake boat, but the saucy little Squires soon glided up, and both rounded the stake boat in an admirable manner. On the home stretch the Squires shot rapidly ahead, and beat the Benicia Boy about two miles. The owner of the Benicia Boy, however, was not disheartened at his defeat, and offered to run his craft against any similar one, in fair weather, for $200. The owner of the Peter Squires also offers to run a boat called the Shifox against the Benicia Boy, in fair weather, for $150.

SCULL BOAT RACE.—On the 17th inst., a race was to have taken place between the boats Laura Keene and Young Harry, single pair of sculls, for $50 The start was to take place from the foot of Christopher street, North River, and the contestants were Peter Riley and Jas Colross.

THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP.—The cup presented to the Halifax Yacht Club by the Prince of Wales, is said to be a very magnificent one. The first race for the cup, it is expected, will come off in August. Before becoming the owner of this princely prize, a member of the club will have to win three races consecutively, in any boat or boats built in the Province.

THE TURF.

TROTTING MATCH (?)

FLORA TEMPLE AND JOHN MORGAN.—The little bay mare Flora Temple, and sorrel gelding John Morgan, were pitted against each other in a "little go" on the above course on the 13th inst.; and, so it was reported, for $2000, but it seems to us rather doubtful, as it is not likely that the backers of Morgan would be such fools to risk $1000 against the mare, knowing her reputation. The fact is, anything that can approach fast time in "private," is soon made "public," and a great blow is made of the speed of this or that animal, by way of securing public confidence, and then of course, it naturally follows that they must be matched against Flora Temple, on one of our Long Island Courses. This is sufficient to enlist the interest of turf patrons, more particularly of betting men, who know where the "little joker" is, when a tour on the Hippodroming method is announced, and the animals are unwittingly made the bait to catch greenhorns. Be this as it may, however, the day in question was a fine one, and quite a number of persons (some 2000, probably) were on hand to witness the trot. In due time, the animals were brought out and paraded before the spectators, and of course all hands admired the appearance of the "little pet," while the gelding came in for no small share of attention. He is a noble looking specimen of the genus equine, standing something over fifteen hands; his propelling powers appeared to be sound, and his motion was quite easy and graceful. But even with these qualities, he did not stand well in the betting, the odds being against him at $100 to $20, with slight variations. On starting for the first heat, a pretty even get off was effected, but the gelding did not get well settled down to his work, and in a short time broke up, which gave Flora an advantage which she did not fail to secure, leaving her adversary all of a length and a half behind. Morgan put forth his powers, however, and gradually closed up the gap, until in passing the half mile pole he was but little in the rear. A little more speed by the gelding brought him up so as to lap his antagonist, but McMann had held the mare sufficiently in hand, so that when it was necessary he could let her out, which he did at the three quarter mile post, and a fine burst of speed ensued, and she went down the home stretch after her old style, and won the heat by upwards of a length in 2:24¾. The result of the first heat appeared to have made it necessary to do some juggling, by way of throwing out bait for fists, and attempt after attempt was made to get them off, but without avail. Considerable time was thus cut to waste, which was still further prolonged by Morgan losing one of his fore shoes, which, of course, had to be replaced. Presently, however, they were allowed to proceed, but the thing was all up, Morgan broke, Flora gained a tremendous lead, which, despite the stacking up on her part by McMann, and the strenuous efforts of Morgan, urged to the utmost by his driver, the latter could not retrieve his lost distance, and Flora won in 2:26 by two lengths. On the third heat the same dodging was again resorted to, and although not quite so much time was occupied in getting them off, Morgan repeated his breaking tricks, much to the disgust of the lookers-on. This game was played so often—it is a pity it wasn't then and there played out—that Flora gained such a lead that the gelding's case was hopeless, and the mare won again in 2:28¾, and thus ended the "race." The following is a summary.—

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I, June 13, 1861.—Match $1000 a side, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

J McMann named b m Flora Temple	1	1	1
J Turner named ch g John Morgan	2	2	2

Time, 2:24¾; 2:26, 2:28¾.

THE TURF IN RHODE ISLAND.—A novel race came off on the Washington Trotting Course, Providence, R. I., on the 6th inst, for a purse of $25, mile heats, best 3 in 5, the horses to go as they pleased, and the animal trotting the nearest to three minutes to win. They all trotted in harness, and the following is a summary of the race:—

A Carpenter c h Hickory Jack	2	1	3	2	1	3	2 1
D Mace c m Lady Stewart	1	2	1	3	2	2	2 2
S Emerson g g Peter Gray	3	3	2	1	3	2	1 3

Time 2:59, 3:00, 3:00½; 3:00; 3:01; 3:00; 3:01.

TROTTING AT PROVIDENCE.—A race came off on the Washington Trotting Park, Providence, R. I., on the 7th inst., between St. Lawrence Maid and Wonderful. Tom Benton, of Boston, was entered for the race, but did not start. In the first heat Wonderful had the lead on the first quarter, but he burst a blood vessel and bled profusely from the mouth, so that he was distanced easily in the second heat. Summary:—

WASHINGTON PARK, Providence, R I, Friday, June 7th. Purse and stake $125; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

Mr. Flanders named b m St. Lawrence Maid	1	1	
D. Mace named w g Wonderful	2	dis.	
S. Emerson named blk g Tom Benton	dr.		

Time—3:01; 2:56.

TROT ON UNION COURSE, L. I.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on Tuesday the 11th inst., a trot took place over the above course, for $1000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between Lady Suffolk and Belle Brandon. The latter was the favorite in betting at $50 to $40, a rate of odds which the result did not warrant, as the former won in three straight heats, as per the following:—

SUMMARY.

H. Woodruff's g m Lady Suffolk	1	1	1
D Tallman's b m Belle Brandon	2	2	2

Time, 2:40¾; 2:40½; 2:48.

THE TURF AT BOSTON.—A race of mile heats came off, on the 11th inst., on the Franklin Course, for the proprietor's purse, $50, in which Tempest, entered and driven by Dan Mace, won in three straight heats.

SUMMARY.

FRANKLIN COURSE, North Chelsea, Tuesday, June 11.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness. Purse $50.

D Mace entered g g Tempest	1	1	1
Z G Brownell entered s g Tornado	2	2	2

Time—2:54¾; 2:48¾; 2:51.

A TROT ON FRANKLIN COURSE.—They are having quite some sport in the trotting line, at the above course; North Chelsea, Mass. We append a summary of one that took place there on the 14th inst:—

Franklin Course, North Chelsea, Friday, June 14. Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Dan Mace named b m Lady Planet	1	1	1
J. McGlue named b m Lady Shaw	2	2	2
W. Woodruff named g g Meddlesome	3	dr	

Time—2:42½; 2:39¾; 2:39¼.

ANOTHER TROT ON UNION COURSE, L. I.—On Saturday, 15th inst., another "trial of speed" came off on the above named course, between gentlemen's road horses, for $4000, (so it is said) at mile heats, best three in five. There were only two entries, Tartar and Rattlesnake, the former being steered by Horace F Jones, and the latter by D Pfifer. Tartar was somewhat skittish in the two first heats, and broke so much that he lost them. The same cause lost Rattlesnake the third heat, but he managed to secure the fourth heat, and won the race, and we were going to say the money, but we rather think that that $4000 must have been considerably discounted ere it reached the pockets of the owner of Rattlesnake. We append a summary of the "go:"—

H. F Jones' Rattlesnake	1	1	2	1
D. Pfifer's Tartar	2	2	1	2

Time—2:36; 2

AFFECTION OF A LION FOR A DOG.

It was customary for those in days of yore who were unable to pay sixpence for a sight of the wild beasts in the Tower of London, Eng., to bring a dog or a cat as an oblation to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up a pretty black spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself upon its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicating attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the meantime the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other, and smelled to it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster. At length the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together. From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them, a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs, and under the jaws of his terrible patron. A gentleman who had lost the dog, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends. However since you insist upon your property, you must be pleased to even take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman rose in great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce, rather than have a personal dispute with the lion. But to proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story—a story well known to many as delivered down from father to son. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell to him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but finding that all his efforts to awake him were in vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and again litt his head on high, open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar as of distant thunder for several minutes. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seemed enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces. Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter roars of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little playfellow, the only friend, the only companion that he had upon earth. For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort; till one morning he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcass of his little friend. They were both interred together, and their grave plentifully bedewed with the tears of the keeper and his loudly lamenting family.

This is not the only instance of sensibility that we have met with in these kingly brutes. The lion formerly in the collection of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, was brought with his lioness from Tunis, and, as the keeper stated, they lived most lovingly together. Their dens were separated only by an iron railing, sufficiently low to allow of their jumping over. One day, as the lioness was amusing herself with leaping from one den to the other, while her lord looked on, apparently highly delighted with her gaiety, she unfortunately struck her foot against the top of the railing and was precipitated backwards; the fall proved fatal, for, upon examination, it was found she had broken her spine. The grief of her partner was excessive, and although it did not show itself with the same violence as in the previous instance, it proved equally fatal; a deep melancholy took possession of him, "and," said the keeper, with a countenance that bespoke his grief, "although we tried every means to rouse him, it was in vain; he pined to death in the course of a few weeks."

ANECDOTE OF ROB ROY M'GREGOR.

Graham, of Killearn, factor to the Duke of Montrose, had been collecting his rents in a small public-house, or inn, on the borders of Monteith. This gentleman had imbibed all his master's hostility to the Highland freebooter; and after the business of the day was over, and money collected to a great amount, he loudly declared that the ponderous money-bag should be the property of him who would bring Rob Roy into his presence. M'Gregor, who, on occasions of moment and interest to himself, might almost be said to be omnipresent, was near enough to overhear this friendly declaration, and with his wonted caution and celerity, he ordered his *Gillies* to take their station, two by two, around the house, as a precaution against any unexpected arrival and to prevent escape, if any should be attempted. He then boldly entered the apartment where the factor was seated in the midst of a group of tenants, who had just emptied their purses into his. "Well, Killearn," said the fearless freebooter, "here I am; the Rob Roy M'Gregor, the greatest enemy your master has on this side of Hell. Now I claim the proffered blood-money; produce the bag." The factor, who at first stared at M'Gregor with as much amazement as if he had been a spectre from the grave, and was quite astounded at this demand, and the more so as it came from a person whom he knew it was fruitless to refuse or resist. Accordingly he began, as well as a faltering voice would allow, to work on the feelings of his unwelcome visitor. "No whimpering for me," interrupted he, striking the table with his fist, down with the bag." The demand was immediately complied with, and the unfortunate factor was compelled on the spot to acknowledge to the tenants the receipt of the rents. "One word more," said M'Gregor, "and our business is settled for this time. Swear by your eternal soul that you will neither raise an alarm, nor divulge one circumstance that has passed at this interview, before the expiration of two hours." "Now," added he, after the ceremony was over, "I have done with you, valiant factor. If you attempt to break your oath, remember you have a soul to save, and remember too, that M'Gregor has a dirk, which has seen the light of day through a stouter man than Killearn."

Hereupon Rob Roy and his *Gillies*, withdrew, and were in a much shorter time than had been prescribed, in perfect safety among the fastnesses.

A GREAT SALVE CERTIFICATE.—"Dear Doctor, I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when I was stirred with a lever. But a year ago last Thursday, I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen sommersets without stopping. A little of your Alisumstone Salve, applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is now covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white gum pine bark.

HINTS TO YOUNG SOLDIERS.

"A young trooper needs an old horse," says the proverb. The greater part of our volunteers are entering upon an untried life—a life in which they must rely upon themselves, individually, and in which their only guides are common sense and the experience of others. The first is not as common as it ought to be, and young men are proverbial for refusing to learn by the other. Yet there are many who are prudent enough to borrow a light, and to them a few hints from one accustomed to camp life may be valuable. Without apology, they will be very plain and practicable.

Every volunteer who goes from city or country to field and camp, and from home fare and regular habits to camp rations and military discipline, must go through a process of adaptation, more or less severe, even under the most favorable circumstances. In the present case a process of acclimation must be added, which will make the change unusually trying, and will require unusual prudence. A new army is never thrown into camp without incurring disease, not necessarily severe, but which may be aggravated by carelessness into epidemic and chronic forms. Among others, diseases of the bowels are common, and almost inevitable.

The first thing the young soldier will have to contend with is a craving appetite for something, which he is apt to gratify by a stimulant. If he is a temperate man he is likely to drink frequently and profusely of water. Both are to be resisted and avoided. The only possible good that spirits can do is in cases of exhaustion, and even then their use is of very exceptional utility. A cup of coffee or tea is almost invariably better. The habit of drinking spirits in advance of labor to gain strength, is one of the worst in the world. The action and reaction of a stimulant are equal, and the greater its strength the shorter its good effect, and the worse the depression afterward. If you will drink spirits, never do it before a march or action, because the unnatural energy which it imparts may fail you at the very moment you need it most. As to water, nothing affects the bowels more certainly than liberal draughts of a kind to which we are unused. But we must drink something, you say. Not a quarter as much as you think. Drinking, in warm weather especially, is very much a matter of habit. Every one who exercises self-denial for a day or two will find that he really needs but little, and that, when he must drink, a single draught will do as well as a dozen.

A moderate use of salt rations, and especially of fat meat, will pay on the score of health beyond calculation. Although there are occasions when a soldier's meals are necessarily irregular, it is a very favorable circumstance that, in camp, rations are usually served with perfect uniformity as to time. Every soldier should take all the time he can to eat, and be careful about indulging his appetite between meals, when he has access, as he sometimes will, to unused delicacies. In case of bowel complaints, if circumstances allow, fasting and lying flat upon the back (not upon the bare ground) and keeping as warm as possible, are usually more curative than medicines.

Nothing is more tempting, when a man is foot-weary after a hard march, than to plunge the feet into cold water. Nothing is more dangerous, or more likely to produce pulmonary diseases. Wait until the feet are *entirely dry and cool*—it is better to wait until next morning. The same is true of all bathing—the face, wrists and hands only are excepted—it should never be indulged when heated. Bathing early in the morning is healthful and invigorating, and should be regularly practised, when possible, for the sake of cleanliness. A dirty man is always liable to disease. Yet it is not well to use much soap, except upon the hands, as the alkali contained in it unduly purges the pores. Water, the natural solvent, when freely used, is the most efficacious cleanser.

Next to the temptation of bathing at improper times, is that of throwing one's self on the cool, inviting ground, when hot and weary. Never do it, or at most for more than a minute. Leaning against a tree, or the back of a comrade, as both sit upon blankets or knapsacks, is far better. When you must sleep on the ground, spread your India-rubber blanket under, if you have one. Rheumatisms, agues, diarrheas, dysenteries, and fevers may thus be avoided.

Don't discard your flannel shirt because it is warm; and always remember that a suddenly-checked perspiration, whether by incautious draughts of water, by lying on the damp ground, by sitting in the wind, or otherwise, may be the means of swift disease and death. When you are on guard, or marching in the rain, keep your shoulders dry if you can. If you are wet through, keep going till your clothes dry, and you will not be likely to take cold.

BATHING.—The best time for bathing is immediately after rising in the morning, as then there is great power of reaction, without which there is no invigoration, no benefit. The sponge-bath is the general application of water to the surface of the body by means of a sponge. When persons are feeble, one portion of the body should undergo the process at a time, then quickly wiped and covered, before another is exposed. There are few persons indeed who would not be greatly benefitted by the following procedure every morning winter and summer. Wash the hands first in a small amount of water with soap, for if but a little is used, a tea cupful, it is warmed by the hands, and thus becomes more cleansing, without the trouble of preparing warm water; then rinse them well; afterwards wash the face in a large basin of cold water just drawn or brought into the room, for all cold water becomes filthy in an hour or two if kept standing or sitting in a sleeping or sitting apartment.

After the face has been washed plentifully, throw the water up to the elbows, then a little higher at every dash with the hand, until the arms, neck, throat, behind the ears, arm pits, and upper portion of the chest, have been deluged with water; next, (except women with long hair,) wash the whole scalp abundantly, rubbing the water into and about the roots of the hair with the ends of the fingers; then wipe with a towel, absorbing as much of the dampness from the hair as possible with an extra dry cloth, and dress, leaving the arrangement of the hair to the last, so as to give it an opportunity of drying somewhat; for if it is wringing wet it will not dress well, and besides will keep the head cold by its evaporation. In dressing the hair after such a washing of the head, the comb should be passed through it in the gentlest manner, so as to make no strain upon the roots, nor break any hair in disengaging the tangles. The hair thus dressed in the morning will remain so the whole day, or, if not, can be easily re-dressed, with the advantage of perfect cleanliness.

ABUSES OF OLD HORSES.—A writer very justly complains of the too common abuse and neglect of old horses, or those past their prime. They are made to break the colts, and often work with them, thus requiring quicker movements than are natural, or than the old horse is able to give without sustaining an injury. "The old horse," he says, "should not haul his load to town and then be forced to trot back. It does not injure him as much to do the heavy work with slow motion, as to do the light jobs at the fast gait." He should also have, as he requires, more time to eat and rest, and his place in the stable shou'd not be taken by the colts, so that he is turned into the yard. The writer further remarks, that 'the last part of a horse's life may be more profitable, if rightly used, than the first part. There is more comfort and less danger, in working old horses. We understand them, and they understand us, and we should be as willing to conform to their nature, as they are to conform to our wishes. It would be more humane, as well as more profitable, to use them as they should be, as long as it would pay, and then take them out and shoot them down. But the wicked practice is to knock them about as much as they will bear and pay well, and then trade them off to some *more inhuman wretch than themselves*."

CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

The gladiators among the ancients, who received a mortal wound in the amphitheatre, still preserved, when dying, that gracefulness and boldness of appearance which they were taught by the tilting masters. The ancient Danes honored the warrior who, far from fearing death, would laughingly see it approach. A Danish author, speaking of one of their heroes named Agnar, says, "Agnar fell, laughed, and died."

The abby Fleury relates this anecdote: Peregrinus, the Cynic, feeling himself old and despised, in consequence of not doing anything new, was ambitious of rendering himself illustrious by an uncommon death. He published that on the next meeting of the Olympic games, he would burn himself. He kept his word. When the games were finished, he ordered a large pile of wood to be brought; then, accompanied by several cynics, he approached and set fire to it. He took off his wallet, laid his cloak and stick (the usual dress of the cynic) aside, threw some incense into the fire, and turning towards it, he exclaimed, "Genius of my father and my mother, receive me favorably." After this, he jumped into the fire, and disappeared, so great was the flame.

In an old French journal, it is recorded that Maximilian d'Egmond, Count de Buren, the great general, and favorite of Charles the Fifth, being informed by his physician that the hour of his dissolution was near, invited his friends to a magnificent entertainment, at which, dressed in complete armor, he distributed his treasures to them. After this liberality, he drank a glass of wine to his master the Emperor's health, and died in the greatest tranquillity.

"A few days before our journey into Sweden," says Bishop Huet, "a very strange event took place at Stockholm. A young man, neither deficient in fortune nor friends, and whose conduct through life had always been irreproachable, laid hold of a child that was playing at its father's shop door, and cut its throat. He was immediately seized and carried before a magistrate, who interrogated him as to his motives for such a wicked action. 'Sir,' replied he, 'I avow my crime, and acknowledge that I merit death. Far from endeavoring to justify myself, and to obtain pardon for my fault, I say that you would commit an unjust act by forgiving me. I have considered life, and studied death. One appears to me a source of misery and crimes, the other a state of innocence and peace. Thus I think death preferable to life, and I have sought the means of quitting this world. After much reflection, finding I could not attain the end I wished, but by a crime, I determined on that which I have committed, as the least wicked, and the most preferable. I have killed a child in the age of innocence, and insured him eternal happiness. I have eased his father, who was laden with a numerous family, and very narrow means to maintain them. Nevertheless, I know I am culpable, and I hope that the punishment I wish for from you, and the manner in which I shall receive it, will obtain pardon from the Almighty for my fault.' He went to the place of execution singing, and met his fate with a firmness and joy that astonished every person." This, however, is not the only instance in which an unfortunate being, fearful of shaking off the cumbrous load of life by committing suicide, has adopted a similar mode to get rid of existence. In some old newspapers of the year 1761, appeared the following account of John Bruleman, a native of North America. He was a goldsmith at Philadelphia, but quitted this business for the service of his country, and became an officer in an American regiment, but being suspected of passing counterfeit money, he was turned out. He returned to Philadelphia; a deep melancholy preyed upon his mind; life became insupportable, suicide terrified him. The dread of punishment in futurity deterred him from killing himself; he thought it better to commit some crime that deserved death, as then he would have time to repent, and prepare his soul for divine reception. Under this idea he took a gun loaded with two balls and asked his landlord to go a hunting with him; the man refused the proposition, and escaped the death which Bruleman destined for him. He then went out alone, and meeting a man in his way, was going to murder him, but reflected there was no witness near to attest the fact, and therefore suffered him to pass. After this he went into a gaming house; there was a party playing at billiards; he talked to the people who were in the room, and appeared very gay. One of the players, a Mr. Scull, having played a good stroke, Bruleman said to him, "You seem, sir, to be a very good player; now I will show you a good stroke in my way." At the same instant, he presented his gun, and the two balls went through Mr. Scull's body. Bruleman then very placidly came up to the wounded man, who was still sensible, nor did he expire for some hours afterwards, and addressed him thus: "Sir, I assure you I have not the slightest ill-will against you; you never offended me; I do not even think I ever saw you before, but I was determined to kill a man, that I might be hung. I am sorry that the lot should fall upon you, and I commiserate you from my heart, for you seem a very amiable young man." Mr. Scull had time to make his will; he pardoned his murderer, and even begged he might not be punished. But Bruleman loved death better; he suffered himself to be taken without making the least resistance, avowed his crime without the smallest agitation, and the motive of his committing it; he was condemned to be hung. He received his sentence as the termination of his unhappiness, and was executed a short time after.

CURIOUS TRAIT IN A GAMESTER.

Of colonel Francis Edgeworth, a curious trait is related by his grandson, the late Mr. Edgeworth:—"He was a man of great wit and gaiety, fond of his profession, quite a soldier, and totally regardless of money. He married successively several wives, one of whom, an English lady, was a widow Bradstone. Again, as in a former instance, which I have mentioned, the widow had a daughter, and a beautiful daughter, by her first husband. This daughter, Miss Bradstone, my father's half-sister, married Thomas Packenham, father to the first, and grand-father to the present lord Longford. Thus we became connected with the Packenham family. Colonel Francis Edgeworth, besides being straitened in his circumstances, by having for many years a large jointure to pay to his mother, was involved in difficulties by his own taste for play; a taste which, from indulgence, became an irresistible passion. One night, after having lost all the money he could command, he staked his wife's diamond ear-rings, and went into an adjoining room, where she was sitting in company, to ask her to lend them to him. She took them from her ears, and gave them to him, saying that she knew for what purpose he wanted them, and that he was welcome to them. They were played for. My grandfather won upon this last stake, and gained back all he had lost that night. In the warmth of his gratitude to his wife, he, at her desire, took an oath that he would never more play at any game with cards or dice. Some time afterwards, he was found in a hay-yard with a friend, drawing straws out of the hay-rick, and betting upon which should be the longest!"

NOVEL WEAPONS FOR FIGHTING A DUEL.—A couple of Arizonians, one a native born Mexican, and the other a boatman from the Mississippi, who had lived in Arizona about a year, fought a duel on horseback a short time ago, each armed with a lasso. The American, who it was thought would stand no chance in such a novel encounter, except the chance of being strangled, lassoed his foe at the first throw of the noose, and dragged him over the plain at the full speed of his horse, until he was mangled and bruised almost to a jelly.

STIFLE joint lameness is apt to affect young colts, and is produced by the wearing away of the toe. It is in fact the dislocation of the patella or knee pan. It is most prevalent when the animal is kept on hard hilly ground. The best remedy is to have him shod, and remove him to level ground.

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